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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 13, 1905.

The Week.

The President's prophecy, spoken to his Indian Territory audiences, that that Territory will soon become a State, "probably in conjunction with Oklahoma," will, we trust, be fulfilled. But enough uncertainty exists to add zest to whatever single Statehood campaign he chooses to instigate. In Oklahoma a movement of significance has been started looking to the immediate setting up of that Territory as a separate State. A call for a Constitutional convention, to be held this summer, has been sent out, and is understood to have the backing of Gov. Ferguson, ex-Delegate Flynn, and the Republicans in control. From Delegate Maguire's accepted organ, the Enid *Eagle*, comes a protest against waiting upon the settlement of tribal affairs of Indian Territory before admitting Oklahoma. At least 75 per cent. of Oklahoma's population, it is estimated, will back up a protest against the reënactment of the Hamilton bill, which provides for single Statehood. But it would be unfortunate if Oklahoma's impatience for the dignity of two Senators should result in splitting a logical commonwealth in two, or in making necessary the patching on of Indian Territory later.

The Senators who deformed the Hay-Bond treaty had fair warning that Newfoundland would retaliate, though the extent of the reprisals was probably not foreseen. As a matter of fact, she is planning to cripple our fisheries on that coast. By prohibiting the catching or buying of bait along shore, the banks fleet can be seriously embarrassed. The imposition of an export duty equal to our import duty will effectually put a stop to the traffic in frozen herring, now furthered by evading our customs. Graver yet, the embargo will mean that the formerly liberal policy of Newfoundland has been relinquished, and that a period of petty international tempests in the fishpots will begin. The reopening of the fisheries dispute will bring about contraband fishing and baiting by enterprising fishermen, with the constant chance of acts of violence. Perhaps those who defeated the treaty in order to encourage the Gloucester fleet as a "nursery of the American navy" may regard such minor broils as an excellent preparation for possible war, but our State Department will hardly take that view when its dealings reassume the fishy and most vexatious complexion of some twenty years ago.

The reciprocity treaty with Cuba has now been in force for two-thirds of a year. Our exports to Cuba during that time have been 42 per cent. more than during the corresponding period of 1903-1904, while our total imports from the island have increased by only 16 per cent. The latter increase is chiefly in the single item of sugar, which rose from $24,666,517 to $29,848,042. Our exports, however, increased in many lines: cars and carriages, beween 10 and 25 per cent.; flour, cattle, lumber, and corn, between 25 and 40; mineral oils, bacon, and furniture, between 40 and 50; while in cotton cloths our exports to Cuba have considerably more than doubled. It is worth noting that the early results of Cuban reciprocity under the McKinley act were nearly the reverse of this. Our exports to Cuba in 1892 were only about 6 per cent. more than in 1890, while our imports from Cuba increased in the same time by more than 40 per cent. The differences in the two arrangements explain this. Instead of free sugar merely, we grant Cuba now a 20 per cent. reduction from all the Dingley rates, while, on our side of the bargain, we receive concessions running in many cases as high as 40 per cent.

Error may be lucky for a day, but truth wins at the last. This is likely to be one's reflection on reading the recent address of Rear-Admiral George W. Melville, retired, before the American Academy of Political and Social Science at Philadelphia. Admiral Melville focuses attention on the fact that our Philippine possessions are a heritage of enormous naval weakness—a position no one but a degraded Anti-Imperialist, least of all a conspicuous naval officer, would have dared to assume four or five years ago. Our triple expansion policy of policing the Philippines, digging the Panama Canal, and assuming the office of receiver-general of bankrupt and recalcitrant South and Central American States gives this naval expert the most serious apprehension. The anticipated military success of Japan will soon put "the fighting man of the East" on our Pacific frontier. The French, Danish, and British West Indian possessions "menace" from a dozen military standpoints our control of the Isthmian Canal. To remedy this in part, Admiral Melville advocates first of all "the immediate abandonment, at the slightest possible financial loss, of every distant possession that is likely to require a fleet to defend it." Our immunity from foreign aggression so long as we maintained unimpaired our continental solidarity and minded our own business, we have senselessly given up for the sorry spectacular rôle of posing as a world power.

The news of the desertion of 600 men from Rear-Admiral Evans's great fleet at Pensacola comes hard on the heels of the publication of the views on this subject of the Bureau of Navigation. It was carefully explained by the chief of the bureau, Rear-Admiral Converse, that, of an enlisted force of 30,066, "only" 10.7 per cent. ran away last year. Among the seamen the desertions were 7.97 per cent., while 17.10 per cent. of the engine-room force violated its pledges. The heaviest percentage was among the mess men, nearly one-quarter of whom, or 23.15 per cent., "jumped" the service. The latter fact the Bureau sought to explain on the ground that there were many foreigners among these messmen, and that the servant question is, after all, "one which is not wholly confined to the naval service." In the engine rooms, too, there would seem to be a good many foreign-born Americans, for five of the six men of the *Iowa* who were given medals of honor ten days ago for bravery in connection with a boiler accident bore the following names: Johannes J. Johannesen, Patrick F. Bresnahan, Heinrich Behnice, Frederick Behne, and Demetri Corahorgi. The truth is, that neither alien birth nor the servant question offers the proper solution. There is something radically wrong either with the official treatment of our men or with the men themselves. The native American seems to resent being "cabined, cribbed, confined" by superior authority as inconsistent with American democratic ideals, and, "first-class fightin' man" that he is, does not care to serve long in time of peace. Our Jingoes must reckon with this temper in their plans for a navy with 80,000 or 90,000 enlisted men.

"Administrative entity," a phrase somewhat ill-understood in Mr. Hay's circular note in behalf of Chinese neutrality, is now fully accounted for as of German origin. It was the Kaiser who prompted the appeal to the Powers; in diplomatic correspondence just published he thanks the President for his "initiative and *coöperation*" in matters Chinese. This explains the dubious phrase, which must be simply the translation of *entité administrative*—a Gallic metamorphosis, for diplomatic purposes, of some still more metaphysical Teutonism whose determination we leave to philosophical philologers. Mr. Hay, apparently, no more knew what it meant than Lord Lansdowne, who frankly asked. But the thing to be explained is not the formula supplied from Berlin, but the motive that ruled at that time in the Wilhelmstrasse. Into this one should not inquire too curiously. It might be surmised, for example, that

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Germany knew that strict observance of Chinese neutrality was more favorable to Russia than to Japan, and prompted Secretary Hay to his old pursuit in order to aid Russia. To such a view the fact that the only outrageous breach of Chinese neutrality, in the *Ryeshitelni* case, was committed by Japan, lends a certain color of truth. Yet it seems more likely that Germany was merely grasping the first opportunity to associate herself actively with Mr. Hay's campaign for the open door. As a great trading nation, she might take such ground without suspicion of ulterior political motives.

This view of the case is confirmed by Germany's present overtures at Washington in behalf of equal commercial privileges in Morocco. In the light of this remarkable initiative, the Kaiser's recent visit and speech to Tangier must be read. It may pique him personally that the Western Mediterranean question was settled without reference to Germany, whose trade with Morocco is considerable and growing; and, so far as his ostentatious cruise was a reminder that Germany has Mediterranean aspirations, its bearings were political. In the main, however, the calm tone of the French press is evidence that Germany's designs in Morocco are regarded as purely commercial, and of a kind that France is disposed to allow cheerfully to all nations. Finally, the most interesting feature of the situation is the overture for a diplomatico-commercial *rapprochement* between ourselves and Germany, a possibility fraught with vast importance.

The stiffening of the moral backbone of St. Louis, accomplished while Gov. Folk occupied the Circuit Attorney's office, has apparently sufficed to reëlect Rolla Wells, the Democratic "business Mayor." He has given the city an administration notable chiefly for its "respectability," as contrasted with the "good-fellow" rule of his predecessor, "Uncle Henry" Ziegenheim. In the ordinary course of events, Wells would have been succeeded by another "liberal" Republican. The early returns, from the dock and slum wards, showed the expected plurality for Judge Talty, the Republican candidate, who was understood to favor a "wide-open" town, but the "white shirt and collar" wards remembered Folk and his teaching. Mayor Wells was backed not only by the Folk faction, but by the followers of Harry Hawes and the Jefferson Club of odorous memory. It is an interesting commentary on the practical efficacy of the Folk idea that the so-called Jefferson Club "Indians," under Hawes's leadership, should have been swung to the support of a candidate who, it was complained, was stiff and unapproachable by "the boys." The enthusiasm for the "business Mayor," however, was not great enough to carry through a proposed bond issue of $9,000,000 for municipal improvements. The public-ownership candidate, Lee Meriwether, received trifling support—a strong contrast to the result in Chicago.

The real traction question in Chicago will come up, now that the Mayoralty election is over. Judge Dunne, the successful Democratic candidate, favored a line of policy which, while more radical than that of Mr. Harlan, the Republican, is at the same time much harder to carry out. Harlan offered a plan which was safe and economical, and would give the city a chance ultimately to try public operation of street cars, if it chose, under the most favorable auspices. But the people of Chicago agreed with Judge Dunne that it was better to run some risks and begin to take up the lines at once. If the city refuses to grant any new franchises or renew old ones, the companies have left—to quote one of Dunne's converts—"(1) a second-hand plant for which a second-hand price will be paid; (2) the right to operate for some fifty years over what Mayor Harrison has called 'a maimed and crippled system of streets, with but 50 per cent. of the entrances in the downtown district.'" The Democratic orators contended that the prices for the companies' securities—which remained fairly stable throughout the campaign—were based partly on the expectation of new franchises, and, with that hope gone, would fall to a figure commensurate with the real value of the companies' property. None the less, if the price paid by the city for the lines taken over is to be based on stock quotations, the incentive for keeping prices at an artificially high figure is greater than ever since Dunne's election.

In spite of the all but unanimous protests of the Philadelphia newspapers, the Legislature of Pennsylvania on Thursday put through the three so-called "ripper" bills, taking from the Mayor of Philadelphia the power to appoint directors of the several departments, and giving it to the City Council. Unless Gov. Pennypacker decides to veto the measures, Philadelphia will, on the first Monday in April, 1907, when the bills take effect, revert to a system of divided responsibility that has nothing to justify it except the desire of the Republican "machine" to insure its control. The advocates of these "ripper" bills explain that, under the Bullitt law, passed in 1885, the heads of departments in Philadelphia are little better than clerks. They propose to relieve the Mayor of the power to appoint the Director of the Department of Public Safety (the police commissioner), the Director of the Department of Supplies, and the Director of the Department of Public Health and Charities. The City Council, elected yearly, shall then choose these officials for a term of three years each. The only real argument for this change advanced by the "machine's" backers is that the law that has served the city for twenty years is un-American, and tends to the establishment of a one-man power.

The influence of trades unions upon immigrants is the subject upon which Carroll D. Wright tried to secure information in a recent investigation of the Chicago stock yards. His finding is that the unions are helpful in Americanizing and bettering the conditions of the Poles, Bohemians, Lithuanians, and Slovaks, who form so large a percentage of the laborers. Before the unions were organized, each race kept closely to itself. It had its own church, its own schools, is own benevolent associations, its own social life. It attempted, when the unions were started, to organize these also on race lines. The leaders, however, objected, and, for the first time, Irishmen, Germans, Poles, Bohemians, and the rest were forced to mingle—to hold common meetings, to learn a common tongue, and to take common action. To a certain extent, also, the unions have been educators in political science. Here the Eastern immigrant first learns the value of his vote, and gets some vague notion of his relation to the State. Again, through the union he seeks to improve his condition. Better wages, shorter hours, better homes, better clothes, larger opportunities for himself and children—these, according to Mr. Wright, are the staple subjects of talk at the union meetings. Pushed to the extreme, these ideas may have unfortunate results; but in general the lesson is a valuable one. Similar influences, Mr. Wright would discover, are operating in New York, especially in the clothing trades. The Jewish workmen do not take naturally to the trades-union idea. They join in large numbers when some prominent issue, like the open shop or a wage increase, is at stake; and then, after the crisis is passed, drop out. In the quiet season the unions, with decreased membership, do exist, but usually as social organizations and debating societies. With the temperate Hebrew they often take the place of the saloon as the poor man's club. In this field the activity of the unions is admittedly wholesome.

The sale of thirty-one obsolete warships by the British Government for less than one-twentieth of their original cost is a surprising transaction, but nothing could better illustrate the rapidity with which modern fighting machinery becomes worthless. The casual reader is likely to imagine that these vessels be-

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longed to the elder day of sea fighting —that they were of the type whose decks were trod by Marryat's heroes. No such thing. The *Galatea* was completed in 1889 at a cost of £258,390, the *Warspite* and the *Australia* in 1888, costing £529,-332 and £259,390 respectively, and the *Northampton* in 1878 at a cost of £395,-804. Thus three of the cruisers now sold for junk, with the requirement that they be broken up at once, were brand new and up-to-date only sixteen or seventeen years ago. The young girls who smashed champagne bottles over their bows at the launchings are not yet middle-aged. In even less time, the progress of invention may make the ships launched this year equally worthless. This is the nature of a Government's investment in naval armaments, and it is one of the things to be kept in mind when the Jingoes are urging still larger budgets.

There is much in Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Budget of public revenue and tax expedients for the new British fiscal year, submitted to Parliament on Monday, which should be highly gratifying to the British people; there are some provisions which in certain quarters will arouse resentment. The mere fact that a $15,000,000 surplus revenue is reported, for the twelve months ending March 31, is a matter of encouragement—the more so since it exceeds by nearly $12,-000,000 the estimates framed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer a year ago, and since the unlooked-for increment has come from an increased import trade—a sign of reviving English prosperity. On the other hand, the well-to-do classes, which have been bearing, ever since the South African war ended, an income tax larger than any imposed in time of peace for fifty years, had looked with much confidence for some remission, and will certainly be chagrined at the news that none is to be made. One shilling in the pound is not, as American ideas of taxes go, a very oppressive burden. Amounting as it does to 5 per cent., it is heavier than the Federal income tax imposed by Congress during 1894, and later declared unconstitutional, but it is probably lighter than the burden placed on incomes by the property tax of New York State. The pending mortgage-tax bill, in so far as that affects aggregate incomes, calls for a tax of 10 per cent. or thereabouts. So of the tax on other forms of property, which, if collected to the last farthing, might easily take for the State 20 or 25 per cent. of income other than salaries or wages. Nevertheless, the fact that the shilling figure has, for half a century or more, been synonymous with a British war-tax, is reasonably sure to render those who must continue to bear the burden angry and resentful, and it may in that way affect the fortunes of the Ministry. For the rest of the voting public, the Ministry proposes a reduction of the tea duty, so that what favor the budget loses in one direction it may gain in another and possibly more politically useful quarter.

The marked decline in the consumption of alcoholic spirits in Great Britain proved to be the significant sociological feature of Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Budget speech. In the fiscal year ending March 31, 1905, the drink duties indicate the smallest consumption of beer and spirits in fifteen years. The noticeable decline in this source of imperial revenue has gone steadily on since 1900. The young Chancellor of the Exchequer was well advised in not following the lead of cynical financiers who have argued, as did the author of The Fable of the Bees, that private vices are public benefits. However great the loss in revenue from excises on spirits, the gain in general productive power which lessened consumption of alcohol implies is tantamount to an enhanced ability to pay other taxes. Austen Chamberlain ascribes the decline in drink duties to the changing habits of the people, who are spending more on outdoor excursions and recreations and less in the taverns of Gin Lane. The reproach which Englishmen have themselves heaped upon their countrymen of being "a drunken nation" shows signs of losing its significance—a most encouraging omen.

The defeat of a member of the Government in the stalwart Unionist constituency of Brighton is the severest rebuff Mr. Balfour has received in a score of electoral mishaps. Mr. Gerald Loder, recently appointed Junior Lord of the Treasury, was beaten chiefly on the fiscal issue. Thus Brighton adds to that of many other constituencies formerly Unionist its verdict of distrust of Mr. Chamberlain's protectionism and of disgust with Mr. Balfour's shilly-shallying. The loss of a seat contested by a minor member of the Government is not necessarily a signal for the resignation of the Ministry. On the other hand, the present Parliamentary position of Mr. Balfour's Government is hardly compatible with self-respect. While Mr. Balfour is running away from all manner of resolutions opposing not only the Chamberlain plan, but also his own policy of retaliation, the constituencies are enthusiastically voting against both. That is, the people are deciding Parliamentary elections upon an issue which Mr. Balfour has abandoned in Parliament as of no importance. Evidently, this sharp difference between a self-governing people and its Government cannot be of long duration, and while Mr. Balfour seems to have as many political lives as a cat, he can hardly avoid an appeal to the country after the budget has been approved.

When even the cholera is made a peg on which to hang a demand for political reforms, the Czar might well believe that his autocracy is slipping away from him. Here are thirteen hundred doctors gathered together in Moscow, ostensibly to take measures to protect the physical health of the poor; instead, they find themselves called upon to prescribe first for the diseased body politic. They have merely pointed out again that the welfare of the people is best preserved by good government. These physicians find it of little use to suggest medical reforms when the carrying out must be intrusted to corrupt and autocratic officials. If they have perhaps veiled their true feelings under an avowed fear of the ignorant population, they have plainly joined the lawyers, the students, the teachers, the scientists, and the other learned professions in their intellectual revolt against the existing state of affairs. Of what use is it, when men like these speak out, to talk of danger from the peasants or the anarchists, or to attempt to suppress the open agitators and protestants? We cannot believe the authorities blind to this consideration.

The Cabinet kaleidoscope in Italy has taken a fresh turn since our correspondent's narrative (on another page) was concluded. Tittoni's "exposition" unexpectedly obtained a majority of 121, and it was supposed that the Cabinet would at once proceed to business. On the contrary, the next day Signor Tittoni gave out that the whole Cabinet had resigned; the Deputies were dismissed, and it was announced that Tittoni and Fortis were entrusted with the formation of the new Ministry, with the result that Luzzatti is replaced by Carcano. Ronchetti, Minister of Justice, and Orlando, Minister of Public Instruction, are also retired. Ferraris, who succeeds Tedesco as Minister of Public Works, was reporter of the committee chosen to draw up the railway bill, and is supposed to be a competent authority on the burning question of the day. Tittoni remains at the Foreign Office. Fortis, President of the Council, assumes the Home Department. If names denote anything nowadays, the Cabinet may be said to be half "Right," half "Left." All seem agreed that the railway men shall be prevented from striking or obstructing, but whether the 71st and 72d articles of the railway bill will be adopted is not known. The press freely prophesies that the Ministry will be of short duration, but if the majority is divided into sects and groups, the minority is far from homogeneous. The 160 who voted against the Ministry embraced members of the Centre, of Sonnino's Opposition, of the Right (all conservatives, including the clerical Cameroni), of the old historical Left, of the Radicals, Republicans, and Socialists.

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PRESIDENT HADLEY ON RAILWAYS.

Nothing is more absurd, said Macaulay, than the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. Whether absurd or not, the American public is given to periodical outbursts on railway regulation. The present is such a period. The members of the House of Representatives preferred not to face their constituents until they had passed the Esch-Townsend bill. The more leisurely Senate, concluding that some vent must be given to pent-up public opinion, has constituted a committee of inquiry whose hearings will doubtless occupy a good part of the summer. At this juncture President Hadley's deliverance on "The Public vs. Railways," which appeared in the Boston *Evening Transcript* of April 1, is timely. Testimony in this matter from one who is both well-informed and impartial is "like a light shining in a dark place," to which we do well to take heed.

The frenzied advocates of drastic rate regulation, as well as the reactionary railroad men who urge the repeal of all Federal transportation statutes, will both be disappointed to find that President Hadley gives to immediate legislation a place decidedly subordinate. The issues which he puts in the foreground are the service which our railroads on the whole render the public, and the present tendencies in management. It is the second of these issues that is the most serious. The threatening tendency, according to President Hadley, is the growing ossification, the decay of initiative, in railway enterprise. Twenty years ago railroading offered a career to talent. To-day the field of opportunity is narrowing. Stereotyped methods are displacing the almost reckless experimentation under which our transportation system was built up. Though it is admitted that there "are still splendidly strong men as presidents and general managers," these survivors, it is alleged, are the first to confirm the truth that "there are only a few of us left." The decadence of vigor is attributed in large measure to a divided allegiance. The employee now attempts to serve both the union and the company; and the manager, to compromise between the dominant banking interests on the directorate and the actual needs of transportation service. Either because of these impediments or because German railroads have enjoyed advantages denied to ours, the superiority of our transportation system to that of Germany, so indisputable in 1885, has now become uncertain. If the facts be as President Hadley asserts, his deduction that we cannot "look at the future in a spirit of complacent optimism" is unnecessarily guarded.

The lesser counts urged against our railroads are dismissed in general as not well substantiated. Monopoly in transportation is conceded, but is declared to be inevitable. The remarkable increase in railroad net earnings, from $327,505,716 in 1895 to $592,508,512 in 1903, is regarded by President Hadley as only a reasonable offset for the lean years from 1893 to 1898. The increase of only 5 per cent. in the rates per passenger mile and freight mile, between 1899 and 1903, when all other prices concurrently advanced from 10 to 40 per cent., he pronounces "virtually a tremendous and gratifying decrease." On the recent car shortage he comments with some severity, but the shortage of locomotive power he allows to pass unchallenged on the ground that electricity will shortly displace steam. In short, on the allegations of excessive profits, exorbitant charges, inadequate service, or increasing discrimination, the roads are let off with a verdict of "Not guilty." It doubtless requires the rule of averages to reach a conclusion in matters of this kind, but the professed ability to reduce the heterogeneous to a common measure reminds one of the judge returned from circuit who averred that, while in some cases innocent parties had been convicted, and in some cases guilty parties had been acquitted, *on the whole* justice was done.

Coming to the matter of proposed changes in Federal law affecting interstate commerce, President Hadley favors a special Federal railroad court, coordinate in authority with the circuit courts. The present Interstate Commerce Commission he would transform into a board of experts made up of practical railroad men, three from the traffic department, and one each from the operating and financial departments. The Commission's function would then be to ascertain matters of fact on which the court might base its decisions. Evidently, he entertains the hope that a regular judicial tribunal so constituted might eventually set aside unreasonable rates at the instance of a complainant, and even advance to the point of indicating clearly "how much rates would have to be reduced in order to be reasonable."

One may concur in the verdict that the present Interstate Commerce Commission has fallen between two stools in attempting to exercise at one and the same time the functions of traffic manager and judge, without assenting *in toto* to President Hadley's scheme. In the first place, competent authorities have seen difficulties in the plan of devising a Federal court whose jurisdiction is to be determined, not by territorial limits, but by the subject-matter involved in litigation. Judge Grosscup, however, in a recent address, advocates just such a special tribunal. In the second place, if a bureau of transportation experts is to be created for the purpose of obtaining information, it would seem better to make it a bureau of the Department of Justice, or of some other executive department, rather than to impose on a court the duty of supervising such an expert detective force. Indeed, Judge Grosscup insists that this board of inquiry should be an active branch of the Executive. In the third place, if a court can be induced even by indirection to set prices for transportation services, it will be more hardy than courts in English-speaking countries have hitherto been. The intent of our law at present is to do away with discrimination. If there are loopholes in the statute they should be stopped up. But until an honest and vigorous attempt has been made to enforce our present law against discrimination with our present system of Federal courts, and to employ criminal prosecution when the law authorizes it, we shall do well to go slow in the creation of a special kind of circuit court with an attendant commission of expert industrial inquisitors.

THE CANADIAN SCHOOL QUESTION.

The relation of state to religious education, which has sorely disturbed France and England of recent years now becomes an urgent issue in Canada. The western territories of Saskatchewan and Alberta are to be erected into self-governing provinces, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier seeks so to frame their organic law that sectarian schools shall permanently have a right to support from the public funds. Sir Wilfrid, it will be recalled, was the author of the famous Manitoba compromise, which nine years ago put an end to a bitter sectarian strife by secularizing state education, allowing, however, the representatives of any sect half an hour a day for religious instruction in the schoolhouse. In view of the eminent success of this agreement, it baffles comprehension that Sir Wilfrid should now wish to saddle sectarian schools upon the entire Northwest. For this *volte-face* two explanations are given: First, that the Premier finds himself bound by the Constitution to perpetuate separate schools; next, that the peculiar conditions of the new provinces make a mixed system expedient.

As for the constitutional plea, the British North America Act, the school clauses of which were framed with respect to the conflicting claims of Protestant Ontario and Catholic Quebec, stipulates that, when a province is admitted to the Dominion, its religious schools shall retain all rights enjoyed at the time of admission. How far Alberta and Saskatchewan, not even geographical names at the promulgation of the British North America Act in 1867, are to be regarded as provinces, is clearly a problem for Canadian legists. There is plausibility, however, in the view that the school clause applied only to provinces actually in being when the organic law was drawn. Much is to be said also for

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the common-sense argument that it is folly to bind an autonomous province perpetually to any form of education. In short, the common sense of Canada will regret that Sir Wilfrid has given the benefit of the doubt not to generous ideals of provincial independence, but to a very contestable and possibly obsolete clause of the Constitution.

But, unluckily, common sense may have rather little to do with the matter one way or the other. While Protestants are trying to starve out existing Catholic schools, Catholics are seeking to secure an inalienable lien upon the public purse. The political atmosphere is surcharged with suspicion. We were told that the Premier had struck hands with the Papal Ablegate, Mgr. Sbaretti, to restore the separate school system in Manitoba. It was charged that the extension of that province to Hudson Bay, most eagerly desired by its inhabitants, was to be made conditional upon abolishing the secular public schools. Sir Wilfrid denied the charges of collusion *in toto;* Mgr. Sbaretti admitted overtures to the Manitoba Government. These rumors suggest the heat with which the reopening of the old quarrel has been accompanied.

Now the picture of Sir Wilfrid hiding under the cassock of the Ablegate of the Holy See was frankly incredible. The Premier is emphatically his own man, and when he both belies his own record and fathers a most unpopular policy, he unquestionably does so for his own reasons. Obscure these reasons certainly are, but it may fairly be assumed that they are political. There are no peculiar social conditions in the great wheat-growing territories which make a separate school system imperative. In fact, the influx of Protestant settlers from the United States is so great that the vested interests of the Roman Catholic schools would soon be intolerably burdensome. Evidently, Sir Wilfrid's eye was less on the territory of the dispute than on the general political status of the Dominion. It is possible that he sees in an avowedly pro-Catholic policy a means of repairing the disorganization caused in the Liberal stronghold, Quebec, by the resignation of the Parent Ministry, and of pressing the advantage recently gained in Ontario through the overthrow of the Ross government. But if such be his hope, we believe it will be disappointed. There has been no more jealous advocate of self-government in the past than Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His famous solution of the Manitoba school contest rested upon that theory; only recently he has claimed for Canada greater powers of diplomatic negotiation than Great Britain allows her. For him now to regulate in perpetuity the school affairs of autonomous provinces must excite as great dismay among his real friends as bitterness among his enemies.

In fact, the successive amendments of the clauses requiring separate schools show that the Government is by no means sure of its ground. Attempts have been made to attenuate the measure, which stands, however, in its present, more offensive than in its original form. At first, the principle of separate religious schools was explicitly imposed; now a sort of local option is proposed, but any sect which believes itself aggrieved in its own locality has especial facilities of appeal to the Government at Ottawa. This is as much as to say to the infant provinces, "You are absolutely free until we see fit to twitch the leading strings." In the long run the good sense of Canada, whether affected to the Protestant or Catholic faith, will be against superfluous leading-strings; and whatever the immediate fate of Sir Wilfrid's measure, which he may very well succeed in passing by a strictly partisan vote, he can hardly be absolved from having handled a great problem in statesmanship under some not very clear consideration of temporary political expediency.

ROZHESTVENSKY IN THE EAST.

Admiral Rozhestvensky has successfully passed the Straits of Malacca. A Japanese scouting squadron, it will be remembered, touched at Singapore as far back as December 22, and proceeded into the Indian Ocean. On the 18th of March a strong Japanese squadron touched at Labuan, north of Borneo, only a few days' steaming from Singapore. Togo himself rejoined his fleet after a brief rest at Tokio fully two months ago, and long before that time the Japanese navy department was preparing a very considerable fleet of auxiliary cruisers and torpedo-boat destroyers for service against Rozhestvensky. To assume that the Russians completely fooled Togo by sending some colliers in one direction and themselves proceeding along the most frequented and direct route, is to ascribe to Togo a mental simplicity quite inconsistent with his achievements hitherto. It has long seemed the best policy for Togo to allow Rozhestvensky to reach Formosan waters, which are far enough away from the Yellow Sea to permit traffic with Port Arthur to go on undisturbed, and at the same time give the Japanese accessible ports for repairs and refitting, and for harboring prizes. For the Russians, Hongkong or Amoy would be the nearest places of refuge, with prompt internment staring them in the face.

Whatever the Japanese strategy, the fact remains that Togo must in some manner hold in check the Vladivostok cruisers, destroy or turn back Rozhestvensky's armada, and still preserve enough vessels to defeat Niebogatoff's small squadron now in the Red Sea, and such other ships as may yet be resurrected from the Russian naval cemetery in the Baltic. The perseverance of Rozhestvensky has once more altered the entire aspect of the war, for even if he sinks only a couple of Togo's battleships, the Japanese may yet make peace on far different terms than the evacuation of Mantchuria and the payment of a war indemnity of $500,000,000, which they are now thought to have in mind. On the other hand, the result of a Japanese victory is obvious.

Any one would be rash who should in advance pick either fleet as the winner. Rozhestvensky has the advantage in heavy ships; Togo in cruisers and in torpedo vessels. The Japanese crews have shown their indifference to death and their mastery of their business; the Russians stand convicted of firing on harmless fishermen and on each other during a veritable panic on the night of October 22 last. If they have reached a battle-temper and attained a creditable accuracy of marksmanship, it is only because of incessant drilling during their long stay in Madagascar waters—a training naturally far inferior to that of Togo's men during their year of war. Again, of the seven Russian battleships, four are modern and homogeneous vessels, while the cruisers are an extraordinary assortment of vessels of all ages, sizes, and speeds, many of them similar to the discarded ships England last week sold at auction. The fastest vessels are undoubtedly the converted German merchant steamers, which, to the number of four or five, accompany the warships. But a fleet has at best only the speed of the slowest member; moreover, the difficulty of coaling and the months which have elapsed since the vessels were docked and cleaned, make it obvious that the speed obtainable in an emergency cannot be much more than ten knots an hour. Superior speed is to modern naval combatants what the windward position was to the men who fought the *Constitution* and her contemporaries. Togo possessed it in the battle of August 15, and could, therefore, pick his own position and maintain it and pound his enemy at will with his superior long-range cannon.

It will be remembered that when nightfall put an end to that contest, Togo drew off his heavy ships and signalled to his torpedo boats to close in, without the latter achieving any results. Indeed, since the beginning of the war only a single vessel has been definitively put out of action by torpedo-boats, and that was the *Sevastopol*, at anchor and undermanned. To place much faith in Togo's superiority in scouts of this class is therefore unwarranted. Nor would it avail now to enter into a careful comparison of the fleet ship by ship, to show, for instance, that Japan's six good armored cruisers offset to a large degree Rozhestvensky's preponderance in battleships. The truth is that no

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one outside of the Japanese Navy Department knows just what forces Togo can muster—whether, for instance, the Japanese battleship *Mikasa*, which was terribly pounded in the last fight, has yet been able to take the sea, and whether the old monitor which is sometimes reckoned with Togo's battleships can really take a place in the line of battle. Nor has any writer here or in Europe any idea just how many merchantmen like the *America Maru* and the *Yawata Maru* have been added to the fleet cruising in the South China Sea.

From the most trustworthy calculations which have yet been made, the Japanese would seem to have a slight preponderance in the amount of metal the rival vessels will be able to discharge at one time. But, after all, an accident at the outset may more than even matters up, and so would a failure on Togo's part to concentrate every available vessel at the hour of combat. We have heard a great deal about the great lesson of this war being the need of battleships. Too little weight has been laid upon the temper of the men who man them. A dozen battleships would not have given Spain the victory at Santiago, and we may yet have a demonstration of how even an unprotected cruiser, well handled, may irretrievably injure towering structures of armor plates and turrets. Only so much may be said: If the spirit which pervades Rozhesvensky's fleet is no better than that which actuated the Port Arthur vessels, the Japanese will go into action with the paper superiority of the Russians more than discounted.

HISTORY AT OXFORD.

Confirmatory rumors aside, it may be gathered from a passage in Mr. Firth's preface to the pamphlet edition of his inaugural lecture (H. Frowde) that Oxford circles have been somewhat fluttered by the first deliverance of York Powell's successor. "I learn with regret," says the new Regius Professor, "that a passage on page 28 has been construed by some of the teachers of modern history as if it were a personal reflection upon themselves. It was not so intended, and had I thought it could be so taken I should have expressed myself differently." The passage in question is probably this: "I cannot infer from anything I have seen that the possession of a proper professional training for the study of history is one of the requisites held necessary for teaching it." The people here referred to are the college tutors, and by some of them at least Mr. Firth's inaugural lecture seems to have been thought an unduly severe onslaught upon existing conditions.

The establishment of the History School at Oxford and the success which has marked its efforts are notable facts in the life of that university during the past generation. Mr. Firth, however, is far from satisfied with the progress already made, and comes forward with a counsel of perfection at the very moment of taking his chair. The existing state of things with its shortcomings is thus set forth:

> "Our Modern History School was never so large and so flourishing as it now is. Last summer there were some 215 candidates, men and women, and there must be now 400 or 500 persons reading for it. From my point of view it has one great defect. It does not train men capable of adding to knowledge. It produces very few historians. I have gone through the class list for the last twenty years with great care, and it is surprising to note how rarely one finds there the name of a man who has since published historical work of any kind, still less historical work of any value. An historian seems to be merely an accidental by-product of the school, and not one of the natural results of our elaborate system of teaching."

A statement like this takes one back immediately to first principles. What does Oxford intend to do for the hundreds of students who are giving themselves up to Modern History? Bent as she long has been on producing statesmen rather than scholars, it may be doubted whether she cares to make pure erudition the goal of the History School. Mr. Firth's quarrel with the present system is that under it history is made an instrument and not an object. All that the course attempts to do, he says, "is to give men who do not wish to study classics, or mathematics, or science, a sort of general education through history." As the result of existing theory and practice, well-informed politicians, journalists, and civil servants are turned out, but no true grounding is given in methods of original research, nor is provision made for the technical training, in special branches like palæography and diplomatic, which the graduate in honors should have. Mr. Firth's assault upon the present programme likewise includes a criticism of the rule which assigns almost exclusive attention to politics and institutions. The provision that "candidates will be expected to make themselves acquainted with the social and literary history of their period" is, as he says, a dead letter; while, apart from this neglect to read outside the field of politics, everything is done to crowd the memory at the expense of the understanding.

Such strictures on the established order could hardly be hailed with delight by the college tutors, nor is it by any means certain that Mr. Firth will be able to effect a radical change without their support. At present, he maintains, no scheme of advanced historical instruction or post-graduate study in history is apt to succeed; and, as an example, he appeals to the experience of his predecessors in the chair. "I have seen the experiment made twice; once by Professor Freeman and once by Professor York Powell. In each case it failed. Both may have made mistakes in the execution of their schemes; but neither diligence, nor skill, nor learning could succeed under the conditions with which they had to struggle." For the present, he urges in conclusion, "the question is not whether I personally am to be enabled to teach my subject effectively, but whether any efficient and successful scheme for the higher teaching of history is to be established here."

The considerations to which Mr. Firth appeals are undoubtedly strong, but a history tutor in defending the present arrangements would not be left altogether without a case. It does seem hard that the Englishman who takes up the study of history with professional intent should be unable to get the grounding he requires at a great seat of learning like Oxford. Mr. Firth appeals to his own experience, and states that it has cost him much labor to learn imperfectly in later life what, under other circumstances, he might have learned from a specialist while he was still in the junior stages of his preparation. "Since our future historian cannot obtain the special training he needs in the Modern History School, the question arises, where is he to obtain it? Is he to get it in Oxford at all, or must he go to Paris or the Universities of Germany to find it? Now though it is desirable that some should go abroad to get this training, it is not possible for all to do so, and therefore it is necessary to supply it here." Beginning with his own class, Mr. Firth proposes to take up the printed and manuscript authorities for English history between 1605 and 1714, "showing what the materials for writing that history are and where they are to be found."

The discipline to be gained by students following this course will undoubtedly be most valuable for those who enter upon it at all. But the Regius Professor has never, when he meant to do anything serious, attracted a large number of students. As soon as the need of intensive research is suggested at Oxford, some one objects that the Modern History School "is not meant to give a professional, but a general training." Upon this ground the college tutor would take his stand in combating Mr. Firth's demand for a more thorough knowledge of professional method, even though the change of system entailed some sacrifice on the side of general information. If there are four or five hundred persons reading in the Modern History School at the present moment, no one can expect that, under any scheme, more than a tenth of the number will give themselves up to the professional study of history in after life. Considered from a broad educational standpoint, the interests of the nine-tenths would have to come before those of the saving remnant, assuming that there need be a clash of educational interest at all. Of course, some go so far as to recommend the ad-

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mission of undergraduates to seminary courses of a technical character, believing the disciplinary value of such courses to be of the highest order. On the other hand, the view is maintained with much force that the undergraduate should not be set at work of specialization until he has gained a good deal of historical information—enough, at least, to carry with it some sense of historical perspective.

Accordingly, when Mr. Firth comes forward with a sharp criticism of the History School at Oxford, he not only lays his finger upon a local shortcoming, but enters, more or less consciously, the field of educational theory. With his desire to provide means for the professional training of English historians in England, or indeed at Oxford, every one must sympathize, but if his lecture meant the entering wedge of an attack upon the main conception of the Modern History School, as now constituted, he must expect to find himself opposed by a good many who recognize to the full the worth of professional attainments.

The discussion thus started is all the more interesting in the light of a new foundation at Oxford. Mr. Firth refers more than once to the new chair of Colonial History, as when he says, in connection with his projected course on the seventeenth century, "For the Colonial and American section I hope for help from the future Professor of Colonial History." Some of those who are concerned with the establishment of this new chair feel, we may presume, a stronger interest in political propaganda than they do in pure erudition. If the new Professor of Colonial History is to give courses on the primary authorities, he is likely, even though he be not an enthusiastic lover of cartography, to have a small class. Now that a few specialists only should sit under the lecturer on things colonial, is not part, we imagine, of Mr. Beit's programme. How the new chair is to be filled, how its objects are to be defined, we do not yet know, but our curiosity in the matter is considerably heightened by the perusal of Mr. Firth's lecture.

Of this deliverance itself we must speak with warm praise. Mr. Firth is an eminent scholar who expresses his convictions in the most direct and forcible terms. That he looks for the triumph of the professional ideal over the conception which now holds sway at Oxford, may be judged from his concluding words: "The difficulties are not natural difficulties which beset the teaching of history everywhere; they are local difficulties arising out of defects in our academic organization, difficulties of our own creation, which it is in our power to remove if we have the will. I am confident that we shall remove them." Such is his own aspiration. The best witness he summons in support of his general position is Stubbs. "Since Creighton left," says Stubbs in a letter to Freeman (1885), "and even he was scarcely to be regarded as free from the tutorial bias, the historical teaching of history has been practically left out in favor of the class-getting system of training." Mr. Firth quotes the latter part of this sentence, but it means more when given in full.

PARLIAMENTARY DECADENCE IN ITALY.

FLORENCE, March 22, 1905.

Parliamentary government in Italy, throughout Europe, is everywhere on trial. Even in its birthplace it is far from satisfying the manifold needs and requisitions of modern times. In France it has never succeeded; in Hungary it was never more than a *modus vivendi*, and has come to a deadlock. Germany is, in reality, a despotism; Spain is past praying for; and now Italy offers a spectacle that grieves her friends and rejoices her enemies.

After the elections last autumn Giolitti appeared to be supported by an immense majority; and when—despite the fact that, though his majority was two-thirds composed of clerical conservatives, he still maintained his position as head of a Liberal Government—he presented the ultra-Radical Marcora as his candidate for the Speakership of the Chamber, his nominee was duly elected by a large majority. The fact was that the country and the Chambers were willing to support any ministry that would maintain order and prevent a recurrence of the disorders of last September. Another victory was gained by Giolitti when the law for the civil list was presented. Many are the opponents of the grant of sixteen millions by a country so poor as Italy, but Giolitti succeeded in renewing it without much opposition. Finally, on February 23, the bill for the resumption by the State of the railways operated for the last twenty years by private companies was presented. The first fifty-three articles designate the methods of the State operation, which is to be exercised by an autonomist administration. Other eighteen articles relate exclusively to the personnel of the railways; only the last seven, and especially the last two, gave rise at once to adverse comments and finally to violent opposition—to obstruction with the threat of a general railway strike.

Articles 68, 69, 70 have no special bearing on the question of compulsory arbitration, and, had the bill ended there, it might have passed after considerable amendment. But (owing, it seems, to pressure from Luzzatti) Giolitti and Tedesco, Ministers of the Interior and of Public Works, were persuaded to introduce two articles which would have been justifiable in a general law for the regulation of the duties and rights of the employees in the service of the public, but which, intruded into this bill transferring the railways from private companies to the State, were regarded and resented—not only by the railway men and their special champions, but by impartial outsiders—as a direct provocation and menace to a special class of proletaries who, it should be remembered, notwithstanding their exorbitant and unjust pretensions, did not take part in the general strike of September. Article 71 provides that the chiefs, promoters and organizers of any concert between three or more persons, even if these be extraneous to the administration of the State railways, whose object is to cause suspension, interruption, or damage to the service, shall be punished with imprisonment. If their object be attained, the imprisonment may last from six months to a year; meanwhile they will be struck from the rolls of service, with the loss of all right to pension or assistance. The accomplices may also be dropped from the rolls, with loss of all right to pension or to assistance; or if the Council think right to retain them in the service, they may be punished by diminution of pay or of the right to normal increase. The forfeits will be assigned to the institutions of assistance according to article 56. The dispositions of article 71 will apply to the railroads conceded to private companies, if such companies agree to accord just treatment to their employees and to accept compulsory arbitration. The last article (72) relates to certain branches of railroads which it is proposed to relinquish to private companies, at least for a time.

Giolitti, who had been absent for some days on account of illness, was present while his colleague Tedesco presented his bill. The latter suggested the examination of it by the committee which had completed the study of the railway question prior to the general elections, but the House declined the proposal, as the studies were complete and the time limited, but agreed to another suggestion, viz., that each of the nine offices destined to examine and report on all bills should name each a single member, and these, united in a committee, should duly report. Giolitti, who was looking extremely ill and weary, took no part in the discussion, and withdrew from the House as soon as the question of reference was decided.

Meanwhile, the railway organizations convoked the central committee of forty-five members, protesting that the whole bill was disastrous to their interests; that the pledges given by the Minister of Public Works in the last interview had not been fulfilled, and that the articles denying the right to strike were a violation of the established law of the realm. The Socialists in the House determined at once on opposition; three of them were summoned to the conference of the "forty-five" held with closed doors—the entire press (including the *Avanti*) being excluded. It was soon known, however, that two distinct tendencies were manifest; one inclining to Parliamentary efforts for the withdrawal of the obnoxious articles, the other, to an immediate and general strike—the delegates from the southern provinces unanimously insisting on the latter measure. The three Deputies exerted themselves to the utmost to nip this fatal project, insisting that its only result would be the return to the "conventions" and draconian measures against the whole body of railway servants, which would be sanctioned by the general public, exasperated by the pretensions of one section of workingmen to sacrifice the interests of the entire nation to their exorbitant exactions. All that they could obtain was the substitution of general obstruction for that of a general strike. This system was first applied materially at Genoa last year, and consisted in the

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scrupulous application, by the custom-house servants, of the regulations, the whole regulations, and nothing but the regulations. They triumphed, and the railway servants bethought themselves to repeat the experiment. Their regulations amount to several hundred, none of which, even the most necessary, are in general observance. Thus, by rule, passengers must present themselves with the exact sum for the purchase of their tickets, but hitherto change has always been given. Now, the regulation was enforced; the ticket purchaser had to go out and get change or lose his train. The luggage, registered, has to be locked, sealed, and corded, so that no thief can extract articles from the portmanteau or trunk, but few attend to the rule; now, all luggage had to be sealed and corded afresh. The personal baggage taken into the carriage ought not to exceed a certain size and a certain weight, but a good fee to a porter insured the entrance of any amount, so that often a later comer could find no room for a handbag or hat-box. Now, every bag or packet was measured and weighed. Deputies, who travel gratis, should have certificates in their pockets, and, if requested, sign their names. Hitherto, it has sufficed to show their medals; now, they were requested to produce their certificates and sign their names. By regulation all the carriages must be cleaned and the lamps polished, the windows cleaned, the hot-water tins filled with boiling water. Travellers can attest to the filthy state of the carriages, to the stone-cold tins, smoking and stinking lamps, broken windows, carriage tops letting in rain, wind, and snow. Now, all was to be perfection. Vainly, the station masters, the train conductor, hurried on the men. They were obeying the "regulations"; their superiors could not demur. Hence, delays in passenger trains of from one hour to twelve. Sixty-four trains were suspended at Rome, passengers to Frascati, to Albano, etc., had to charter carriages, and the old diligences reappeared. As for the goods traffic, that had ceased entirely, and the post-office authorities gave notice that they could not be responsible for parcels-post deliveries. Here, in the market, fish, fresh vegetables, and fruit arrived too late for sale.

The public, patient and often amused for the first day or so, gradually became restive, clamorous, finally furious; many of the railway men, such as porters, were deprived of their daily bread, which depends on the tips of the passengers, who ceased to visit Florence, Rome, and other cities where obstruction obtained. Appeals to the Government from all the commercial and industrial classes dependent on visitors were made in vain. Giolitti kept silence, and, being Minister of the Interior, was held responsible for the situation. "He was too ill to present himself to the House." There and in the Senate the Minister of Public Works had to reply to the protests and the interpellations. He declared that he had no intention to withdraw the obnoxious articles; that the Home Minister had no intention of using force against the obstructionists, but that they would use means to compel the responsible companies to fulfil their duties and comply with the terms of their contract. How? The "superiors" could not compel their "inferiors" to disobey the regulations; they might be compelled to pay fines for delays for non-transmission of goods, but that would not bring the trains in on time or deliver the goods stalled at the depots.

Meanwhile the obstructionists were growing weary of their long hours of labor, and were shamed by the reproaches of their companions who were injured by their tactics—specially the engine-drivers of the suppressed trains, who were paid by the mile. In short, the proverbial patience of the Latin race was giving way. The Deputies, not only Socialists, but Radicals and Republicans, well-wishers, advised the men to yield, reminding them that the bill was in the hands of the committee, that they were fighting no longer private companies, but the national Parliament. Pantano, their most zealous champion, made an eloquent appeal both to their own interests and to their position among the proletaries. Colajanni lashed them right and left as a selfish, arrogant, unreasonable crew, who, having decent wages and the certainty of constant employment with a pension for themselves and widows, were damaging the whole of the starving and semi-starving proletaries, assuring them that while they might continue so to do, they would in the end ruin themselves. In short, between weariness and shame, they had resolved to put an end to obstruction as soon as they could induce the rebellious southerners to submission.

Then, like a bolt from the blue, in the middle of a debate in the House and Senate, Tedesco announced the resignation of Giolitti, Premier and Home Minister, on the plea of illness, and the King's acceptance of his resignation. "Flight the fourth," said his enemies; and in fact this is the fourth time that Giolitti has withdrawn suddenly from the Ministry without any vote of want of confidence in the House. His friends and supporters, instead, maintained that he had remained at his post only too long, and that another forty-eight hours might have proved fatal. In either case, his withdrawal from the scene of action saved the *amour propre* of the obstructionists, who instantly ceased their manœuvres, and ordered all the railway men on the continent and in the islands to celebrate their victory by returning to their "non-obedience to the regulations," as their tactics had compelled the Minister to take flight—the *Ministry*, they might have added, as the entire Cabinet resigned on the same evening.

Here was a curious situation for the King, who, if he had been well advised, would have accepted the retirement of Giolitti alone on the plea of ill-health, retaining the other ministers bound to his programme, supported by his majority in the House. Then the King would only have had to name a President and Minister *ad interim*, following the precedent of old Piedmont in 1864. At the commencement of that year, poor Farini gave signs not only of failing health, but of mental derangement. King Victor Emanuel, after seeing that he was duly cared for, named Minghetti, hitherto Minister of Finance, Minister of the Interior in his stead, and the Cabinet continued its business without interruption. As Giolitti resigned solely on account of illness, why should not the King have named one of the Ministers in his place? Why, indeed? Such, it seems, was his intention, but the divisions and jealousies among the Ministers themselves and the pretensions of the various groups rendered this impossible. Tittoni, Minister for Foreign Affairs, had a considerable party, and to him, as it now turns out, the King inclined, but the opposition was such that he was compelled to summon an outsider, and this, by Giolitti's advice, was Alexander Fortis, who, as the whole Ministry had resigned, set to work to form a new one, excluding *à priori* Tedesco, Minister of Public Works (as Fortis, though favorable to the State working of the railroads, did not intend to endorse the famous articles relating to the railway men, reserving for a separate bill the question of strikes by the employees of public services), and Orlando, the Minister of Public Instruction, who has given great offence to the clerical-conservative majority by siding with the partisans for the exclusion of religious instruction from the elementary schools, and has also given great offence to certain "people of importance" who consider that public instruction was instituted in the interests of professors and teachers rather than in that of scholars and students.

From the first moment the Opposition batteries assailed Fortis in front, on flank, and rear. Fortis was from a lad an ardent Mazzinian, and one of Garibaldi's bravest soldiers, but he joined Crispi's Ministry from 1887 to 1891. Moreover, as an advocate, he was mixed up with the Tanlongo banking scandals, and so is dubbed "immoral." The Republicans and Socialists will none of him; and Sonnino, head of "his Majesty's Opposition," told him point-blank that the attempt to solve the crisis was unconstitutional, that he would not assist in its solution in this fashion, and that he would oppose the new Ministry if formed. The Zanardellians were also hostile, and Fortis could not find a single competent person willing to assume the difficult department of Public Works or that of Public Instruction. The days drew on to ten, and at last Fortis decided to present the whole Ministry as it existed at the time of Giolitti's retirement. But here he met with a refusal from Tedesco and Orlando, who declined to return to posts "which had been put up at auction," and only reoffered to them because no bidders appeared. So Fortis had to resign the mandate, well aware who was the *deus ex machina* that put spoke after spoke into his wheels, and that hoped to be summoned by the King on his failure. But the young King was not inclined to satisfy Luzzatti, especially as he had come to grief with the Minister of War, and summoned instead Tittoni, Minister of the Foreign Office, naming him Premier and Minister of the Interior, bidding him present himself with all the old members of the late Ministry to the House, and to demand explicitly a vote of confidence. This is the state of affairs at the present moment, and a more disgraceful one can scarcely be imagined.

March 23.

The first sitting of the House, with more than 400 Deputies present, listened to Tittoni's "exposition" in ironical silence. The brilliant orator of the Radicals, Barzilai (the first of seventeen members listed to speak), ridiculed the presentation of phantoms evoked from their tombs, blamed Giolitti for his sudden withdrawal from the scene of action when, had he remained at his post for another day, the railway obstruction would have been ended, blamed his colleagues for following his example, which acts put them

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"out of court." He affirmed the necessity of rendering railway strikes impossible, as they signify public disaster and cut the main arteries of the life of the State. Face to face with the right to strike stands the right of citizens to legitimate protection, the right of the State to legitimate defence. But the seventy-first and seventy-second articles are inapplicable; the penal code contains an arsenal of effectual measures. Other orators followed, but the House was impatient, and cries of "Closure!" were heard. Tomorrow, possibly, the vote may be taken, but it will decide only the acceptance or the non-acceptance of the old Ministry.

J. W. M.

HOUSSAYE'S '1815.'

PARIS, March 22, 1905.

M. Henry Houssaye has published in one volume his very dramatic studies on the events of the close of the year 1815, in the series forming a sequel to his '1814,' which has had a very rapid and well-deserved success (it has already attained a forty-sixth edition). The new volume is the third part of '1815.' The first had for sub-title "The First Restoration—The Return from the Island of Elba—The Hundred Days"; the second was entirely devoted to Waterloo (these two parts have likewise attained a forty-fifth edition). This popular success shows that M. Henry Houssaye has struck a sensitive chord in public opinion. The people have always worshipped heroes, and in this respect such men as Carlyle and Emerson have felt like the people. The great prevailing curiosity on the subject of Napoleon does not prove that the Bonapartist party is in the ascendant: it might almost be said that this curiosity is purely historical and sentimental. The Empire is a thing of the past, and is treated as such with the spirit in which we approach distant events surrounded with a poetical halo. There is no party spirit in the judgments that are formed on the Napoleonic era; the popular mind is forcibly drawn towards the figure of Napoleon as in other times it was drawn towards Charlemagne and his *preux;* few, if any, hope or desire new Napoleonic chapters in our history, as we cannot forget the end of such chapters—Waterloo and Sedan.

We can quite understand the violence of the passions which followed the second Restoration. The *émigrés* had hardly enjoyed a moment the reëstablishment of the old régime when they were wakened from their dreams by the return of the Emperor from Elba. The King fled to Ghent. It is easy to imagine with what feelings he returned to the Tuileries after Waterloo. To do him justice, he maintained a calm and composure not shared by the royalists. We must admire the conduct of the Duke de Richelieu, who was charged with the difficult mission of ending the diplomatic relations with the Allies. Richelieu enjoyed the personal friendship of the Czar, but Alexander was obliged to make allowance for the feelings of his Allies. The peace preliminaries were signed on the 1st of October, and the treaty of peace on the 20th of November. France had to cede four fortresses—Landau, Sarrelouis, Philippeville, Marienbourg, and a territory of 395 square leagues, to demolish the fortifications of Hüningen; she was to be occupied along the frontier for a period of three to five years by an army of 150,000 men, paid and fed by her, and was to pay an indemnity of 700 millions.

"After Richelieu put his trembling hand to the preliminaries, he returned to the Council. He was as pale as death. He had contained himself before the foreigners; now he burst out: 'I am dishonored. Having consented, I should bring my head to the scaffold. . . . Could I do otherwise? What resistance can France make in the state she is now in? Why did I return to my unfortunate country? It would have been better for me to remain in Asia.' "

The pacification of France was no easy matter; the King had to sign an ordinance for examining the conduct of the officers of all ranks who had taken service during what was called the usurpation. The new Chamber was animated with the most ardent passions; it was afterwards called, on account of its violence, "la Chambre introuvable."

The most famous incident of this period was the trial of Marshal Ney. It came at the moment when Murat was shot in Calabria. Murat, after his dethronement, repaired to a villa in the neighborhood of Toulon till the end of July. Learning that the royalists were going to arrest him, he took flight and embarked for Corsica on the 21st of August. He for some time found there a refuge in the house of Gen. Franceschelli, at Vescovato. He sent an emissary to Metternich to obtain a safe-conduct; receiving no answer, he took a desperate step, and tried to reënter the Kingdom of Naples, hoping to meet with the enthusiasm which Napoleon had encountered on his return from Elba. He embarked with ten officers and 200 soldiers in several boats. They were separated by a storm, and Murat arrived at Pizzo with twenty-six officers and men only. It was a Sunday; the population, with the help of some gendarmes, took Murat and his followers to the prison of the fortress. The order came from Naples to try Murat, and he was executed on the 14th of October.

The same fate awaited Marshal Ney. He left Paris on the 6th of July, with passports under the names of Falize and of Neubourg. He learned at Lyons that the roads to Switzerland were guarded by the Austrians; he returned in the direction of Paris, and, after some hesitation, took refuge in the château of Bessonies, which belonged to a relation of his wife, the Princess de la Moskova. He was recognized on the way, and reported to the prefect. His arrest took place on the 3d of August. "It will be a great example," said Talleyrand, when he heard the news. The Prince de la Moskova was conducted to Paris and confined in the Conciergerie on the 19th of August, the day of the execution of La Bédoyère. A council of war was formed, composed, among others, of Marshals Moncey, Masséna, Augereau, Mortier. Masséna excused himself on the plea of ill-health, so did Augereau; Moncey also alleged ill-health, being determined not to become the judge of Ney, and wrote to Louis XVIII. a letter in which he said: "Can I be the judge of an accused man to whom our laws give the right to object to me, since he cannot be ignorant that I was the first to put in the hands of your Majesty the material proof of his defection, and to manifest my indignation at it?" The answer of Louis XVIII. was short: "Marshal Moncey is cashiered; he will be imprisoned for three months."

The trial began after a long instruction. Ney's lawyers pleaded the incompetence of the Council of War, and the members of the Council declared themselves incompetent. The case had to be brought before the House of Peers. It clearly resulted from the examination of witnesses that Ney had acted without premeditation. When he left Paris, he had firmly resolved to arrest Napoleon; in the strongest language he had promised the King to do so.

"He had done," writes M. Houssaye, "everything for five days to maintain his feeble army corps in obedience, and to gain the flank of the Bonapartist column. But, seeing the national revolution swelling round him—the people in the cities and in the country—seeing the national flag floating on every church spire, half of his troops in march to join the Emperor, and the other half all ready to mutiny, he lost his head and threw himself into the current. Ney clearly was wrong; he ought not to have accepted the mission of marching against Napoleon, or, having done so, he ought not to have remained at the head of his army corps when it prepared to join Napoleon."

Condemnation was just and inevitable, in the opinion of the lawyers who undertook his defence (Berryer and Dupin). They defended their client solely on the plea that he was screened by an article of the convention of Saint-Cloud, signed by the Allies, in virtue of which "all the individuals who were at the time in Paris could not be prosecuted for their functions, their conduct, or their opinions." There was much discussion about this convention, which in reality was purely military; but Ney and his defenders had many illusions on this point. The convention had an equivocal text; when Berryer tried to invoke it, the Chancellor intervened and said: "In virtue of my discretionary power, I forbid discussion of a treaty in which the King had no participation." Ney was born at Sarrelouis, which had ceased to be French. The lawyers used this as an argument; upon which Ney rose and said loudly: "I am French, I will die a Frenchman. Thus far my defence has seemed to be free; I see that it is no longer so. . . . I am accused against the faith of the Treaties, and I do not wish them to be invoked. I will do as Moreau did, and make my appeal to Europe and posterity."

When the vote was taken on the question submitted to the court, "Did Marshal Ney make an attempt on the security of the State?" Lanjuinais said, "Yes; but he was covered by the terms of the capitulation of Paris." A single peer said "Nay." He was the youngest of the House, a Royalist by tradition and sentiment. His father died on the guillotine under the Terror. This was Victor de Broglie, and he gave the reasons for his verdict:

"There is no crime without a criminal intention. I see in the facts with which Marshal Ney is justly reproached neither premeditation nor intention to betray. At the last moment, he succumbed to an *entraînement* which seemed to him general, and which was only too much so. It was a weakness which history will judge severely, but which does not fall, in the present case, under the definition of the law. There are events which soar above human justice."

The details of the last days of Ney and of his execution are dramatically told by M. Houssaye. This execution was one of the great blunders of the Restoration. The country did not forgive it. Ney remained in its eyes what Napoleon had once called him, "the bravest of the brave." A few

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years afterwards, when M. de Ségur wrote his book on the Russian campaign and retreat—a retreat which Ney made on foot, among the soldiers—the Duchess of Angoulême, hearing this chapter of the retreat read aloud, exclaimed: "Oh, if we had only known!" Alas! party spirit is often blind, and sometimes wilfully blind. How many times in the history of a nation might these words be spoken: "If we had only known!"

Correspondence.

THE PRESIDENT AND JUDGE KOHLSAAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your comments on the promotion of Christian C. Kohlsaat from district judge to United States circuit judge in Illinois are based, of course, on the formal charges against him as they appeared in the public prints. As is usually the case, these are only the surface indications of conditions which make this appointment a reproach to the appointing power, and a cause of deep regret to those who have hoped for a higher standard of action in President Roosevelt in filling judicial offices.

As is well known, Judge Kohlsaat's original appointment was made to pay an accumulation of indebtedness, political and financial, from Mr. McKinley to H. H. Kohlsaat, Judge Kohlsaat's brother. The unfitness of the appointee has been daily demonstrated since. He is not supposed to be corrupt, but not only is he without legal attainments or ability—his stupidity is both moral and mental. It may well be assumed that he was not fully conscious of the impropriety of the appointments which placed about him a band of vicious self-seekers to gather the profits from the vast aggregate of bankrupt estates which crowd the threshold of his court. They were his son and his brother-in-law, and his faithful attendant, Whitney. It was well understood at the bar that the naming of the right man for receiver or trustee was a condition precedent to the progress of a cause. The estimate of his quality by the bar is well enough evidenced by the fact that such written opinions as were delivered by him were universally attributed to the brain and hand of another, a confidential employee.

The means by which he secured his recent promotion is a proper sequel to the history of his original appointment, and is to the last degree discreditable to the President, for the facts were all before him. Senator Hopkins, whose primary use for political position is the opportunity it affords for his personal benefit, and whose political and moral standards are not unswerving, has a son who, after one unsuccessful effort, was admitted to the bar at twenty-five. He has never taken life seriously, and some of his habits may have caused the Senator apprehensions for his future. A regard for the usefulness and dignity of the courts or the welfare of suitors could not have prompted his demand that Judge Kohlsaat appoint this immature youth to the responsible position of master in chancery. He may have looked for a development, in this office, of the young man's mental and moral nature. In exchange for the proposed obsession of the judicial function, he had to offer to Judge Kohlsaat a promotion to a higher place yet to be created. The Bar Association of Chicago by a unanimous vote protested against the appointment, and appointed a committee to procure, if possible, its retraction. The facts were all before the President. The appointment was a conscious subordination by him of the public welfare and the usefulness of the bench to indefensible political considerations. It has confirmed in the minds of many supporters and admirers of Theodore Roosevelt the growing conviction that the protection of the bench from the lowest political influences will receive no consideration at his hands. In fact, there were other candidates for the three judgeships which were filled by him at the same time, much superior to any of those whom he appointed. These appointments are often referred to as a complete answer to the advocacy of an appointive judiciary as against an elective one. The average of the three is distinctly below the average of judges on the local bench in Chicago.

JOHN A. WOODRUFF.

CHICAGO, April 3, 1905.

[Is President Roosevelt's solemn pledge to carry on the policy of McKinley of no avail here by way of extenuation? Let the Canton Monument answer.—ED. NATION.]

THE CHICAGO OBSESSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The touching, childlike, popular obsession that, in some way not clearly understood but firmly believed in, any and every government possesses miraculous powers, transcending all ordinary human knowledge, and defying the ordinary rules of logic derived from human experience, was illustrated recently by the municipal elections in Chicago. The street-car service being undeniably bad, it was voted that the public authorities of the city should take it over and administer it, presumably on the supposition that, by such change from private to public administration, the service would be bettered. The long vista of possible patronage and delectable pickings is undoubtedly attractive to the hungry horde who now administer public affairs extravagantly and inefficiently; but the willingness of the public to put more powers and responsibilities into the hands of unfaithful and incompetent servants is explicable, not on grounds of common sense and business principles, but by that curious survival in free and enlightened and democratic America of what was once known as the divine right of kings. Scrofula used to be cured by the King's touch; the traction question will be cured by the Mayor's touch. Any man of good, rugged sense, with a pair of eyes in his head, would say that the city had reached its limits in the way of surface street railways, and that a subway, like those of similar cities, was needed. Not so in Chicago! All that is necessary here is to select a gentleman of the legal profession—a man wholly without experience in the field of traction—elect him to a high public office, and set him on the throne, with his proper regalia, and, thus endowed with transcendent miraculous powers, he will touch the knotty problem with his magic wand, and presto! 'tis done.

Query: In writing political and economic history, where will future historians mark the end of the Middle Ages? M.

RESTRICT THE SUFFRAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is really cheering in these days of ultra democracy—or, still better, "mob-democracy"—to read such bold words as those of Mr. E. L. C. Morse in the last number of the *Nation*. What the whole country needs is better suffrage rather than more suffrage. The North may possibly fear to curtail its "blocks of five" lest the South say *Tu quoque*. The South had to protect itself, and restricted suffrage in various ways. The North thinks the negroes are wronged by their loss of voting power. What the negroes have lost is the power to do themselves and others harm. While they had the vote, they were the pliant tools of the unscrupulous. Were they to receive the unrestricted power to vote again, they would at once fall into the hands of the unscrupulous. The white man, by the bestowal of suffrage on the black man, would do the black man no good, but would do himself a wrong. It would give the professional politician an opportunity of adding one more to the vices of the poor black, the corruption of his vote.

Were the whole country to restrict the suffrage, no wrong would be done to those deprived, but a power of wrong-doing to others would be withdrawn. A democracy is very liable to be dominated by mere words. Suffrage, manhood suffrage, sounds so kind, so generous, and withal so logical, that any restriction must have its Nemesis, when, in reality, the Nemesis is being invoked by this very logic. Unrestricted suffrage at the present time, in this country, when the North is flooded with the *hoi polloi* of Europe and Asia, and the South is largely African, is neither kindness nor generosity, but a striking symptom of insanity.

For a democracy to be undemocratic may be illogical, but there can be worse things than bad logic, such as conduct with bad and subverting tendencies. The next thing to doing good is to take away the power of doing ill. That this is a time for the negative virtues is obvious to the dullest observer, but the laborers in the vineyard are few and their efforts feeble.

J. A. BARTHOLOMEW.

NAPLES, N. Y.

[Our correspondent may fancy himself standing on Mr. Morse's platform, but there is (or we are mistaken) an "open door" between them. Is this defender of the South's "restriction" of negro suffrage prepared to restrict (in the same section, of course) white suffrage on the same terms honestly applied? Is he prepared to defend and help maintain—and does he really desire—a negro's fulfilment of the conditions laid down? Or is he, in short, in favor of a white oligarchy in perpetuity? —ED. NATION.]

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WACK AND BOULGER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The first part of Mr. Henry Wellington Wack's 'The Story of the Congo Free State,' reviewed in your No. 2,075, is so strikingly like an earlier work by Mr. Demetrius C. Boulger, 'The Congo State' (London, 1898), that the resemblance can hardly be accidental. The similarity begins with the chapter headings, viz.:

WACK.	BOULGER.
II. Leopold's Conception of the Congo Free State.	I. The Conception of the Congo State.
III. The Founding of the Free State.	III. The Founding of the State.
IV. Early Belgian Expeditions.	II. The First Belgian Expeditions.
V. The Waterways of the Congo.	IV. The Congo and its Affluents.
VII. The Horrors of the Arab Slave Trade.	V. The Slave-trade and its Horrors.
XI. The Second Brussels Conference.	VIII. The Second Brussels Conference and the King's Will.
XII. The Congo bequeathed to Belgium.	
XIII. The Tribes of the Congo Free State.	XVIII. The Peoples of the Congo State.
XIV. The Congo Public Force.	XIII. The Congo Public Force.
XV. Belgian Campaigns against the Arabs.	IX. The Arab Campaign.
XVII. The Suppression of Slavery.	XI. The Extinction of Slavery.
XX. The Mutinies of the Batetela Tribe.	XIV. The Batetela Mutinies.

The similarity does not rest with the chapter headlines. Mr. Wack is good enough to be independent in the first four pages of his book. He then paraphrases Boulger, using much of the same phraseology and the same sequence of thought, so that his pages 4 to 16 will be found to correspond to Boulger's pages 3 to 18. This method is continued through the first half of the book as follows: Wack's pages 4-16; 19-28; 32-41; 42-58; 92-103; 134-144; 145-150; 164-170; 177-185; 189-196; and 216-219, will be found to correspond respectively to the following pages of Boulger: 3-18; 41-58; 20-30; 75-85; 57-70; 146-153; 154-159; 225-235; 161-169; 175-181; 242-246. In other words, about 94 pages of Mr. Wack's book are paraphrased from 105 of Boulger's.

One paragraph taken at random will show Mr. Wack's method:

WACK (page 40).	BOULGER (page 28.)
"The first station to be founded was Vivi, and six months were spent in fortifying it. Then came the construction of a road from Vivi to Isanghila—fifty miles higher up the river—required for the conveyance of the steamers in section, stores, merchandise, etc. This proved a formidable task, and took a whole year to accomplish. But Stanley and his men proved equal to it, and another station was founded at Isanghila. At that station, fortunately, the Congo was found to be navigable, and Stanley pushed on to Manyanga by boat, where he founded a *third station*. It was while at Manyanga that Stanley first learned of M. de Brazza's having set up the French flag on the northern shore of *Stanley Pool*, and calling it Brazzaville."	"The next task proved to be more onerous. It consisted of constructing a cart-road from Vivi to Isanghila, over fifty miles higher up the river. It required twelve months' incessant labor to construct the road and to convey along it the steamers in sections and the merchandise and stores of the expedition. . . . At Isanghila Stanley founded another station similar to that of Vivi, and, availing himself of the short section of navigable river between that place and Manyanga, he floated two of his steamers and reached Manyanga by water. There he founded a third station. . . . Stanley soon attained striking evidence of the perils of any delay, by learning that M. de Brazza, the French traveller, had appeared on the north shores of Stanley Pool, and founded Brazzaville in the name and under the *flag of France*."

Very respectfully yours,

Jesse S. Reeves.

Richmond, Indiana, April 7, 1905.

THE CHEAP PROFESSOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We college professors are made to feel in many ways the estimation in which we are held by most people not closely connected with academic pursuits. At the outset we are commonly angered by it; afterwards it drives us to woe; finally we learn to see its sadly humorous aspects—the sadness doubtless due to the consciousness that we to some extent are guilty as charged.

As some of my fellow-professors are said not to read fiction, permit me to use your columns to call their attention, in this connection, to the gist of a story, entitled "The Spirit of Partnership," which has just appeared in the April number of *Harper's Magazine*. No slur at the story, as such, is intended, for it is quite up to the usual magazine level, but I have never seen in print anywhere a more delicious expression of this general estimation of us than it gives.

Mrs. Rogers has again been made president of the "Business Woman's Club," so the story runs, "which had grown under her hands from a small Woman's Exchange to an institution with many departments." To the office is to be attached hereafter a small salary (sum not mentioned). She sits down to think it over in the presence of the furniture, now worn and shabby, which her father gave her at her marriage some thirty years ago. Just then her husband comes in, "a deprecating little figure." "He had worked at one desk, on one salary, ever since she had known him." Even when they married, it was inadequate (sum not mentioned). Moreover, he has long cherished a desire to write a learned book which she, though his wife, feels sure would be a failure. Now he comes to tell her that he has been discharged and can find no other job. After this humiliating confession he finds a letter, delivered in his absence, which gives him an electric shock. In his desperation he had written to a friend at the State University to know whether his "ancient languages and history hadn't some chance for usefulness." The answer is an offer of the chair (evidently more of a settee than a chair) at a smaller salary (sum not mentioned) than he has been getting, "but a house with ground enough for a garden goes with it, and living in Barville won't cost——."

I pass by the ethical, or social, or economic (I am really at a loss for the proper adjective here) question whether a woman who has just been elected president of the Business Woman's Club of a city, with a small salary, has the right to follow her husband to the State University at Barville, at a still smaller salary. Besides, two other matters interest me more: (1) The State University at Barville, which gives its professorships to discharged and none too efficient bookkeepers of over fifty. (2) The wives of the professors of the State University at Barville after the arrival of Mrs. Rogers—for, of course, she sacrifices herself for her husband.

W. R.

FOLK-LORE COINAGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Having had occasion of late to investigate a certain phase of (American) Indian folk-lore, I spent a few hours over a volume entitled 'Legends of the Ozarks,' published in 1880 at St. Louis. In the introduction, the author makes this statement:

"The writer has succeeded in recovering from the musty relics of the past some of the most interesting legends having their origin with the Indians and the famous Hot Springs of Arkansas, and now seeks to preserve them by issuing this little book, containing the stories illustrative of the exquisite imagination and veneration of the ancient tribes of America."

Small as is the volume, there is enough in it to excite suspicion, and it may serve others if I state that I now hold in my hands the written confession of the author that the tales in question "have no historical value whatever, being coinages of the imagination, my imagination." In view of this frank confession, I will neither parade the author's name, nor discuss the ethics of his forgery; but it is only right that the student of folk-lore should be in possession of the facts. A good many volumes of Indian folk-lore have been published within the last few years. How many may be due to the imagination of the Yankee more than to that of the Redskin, seems to me a question deserving of attention.

Yours sincerely,

E. Washburn Hopkins.

New Haven, Conn., April 6, 1905.

Notes.

Sport in England has at last its 'Who's Who.' Two-thirds of A. Wallis Myers's 'Sportsman's Year-book' for 1905 (London: Newnes; New York: Scribners) is taken up with biographies of champions and ex-champions, of motorists, jockeys, even club secretaries—on a principle of inclusion not strictly defined by the editor, who hints at enlargement, upon the requisite support. Richard Croker is here to be met beside a son of Francis Darwin, distinguished at golf. Women occur more sparingly, of course, but are devotees of hockey, golf, tennis, croquet; own breeding kennels, or hunt the pack with their harriers. The fore part of the Year-book is occupied by readable summary statistical reviews of the several lines of sport during 1904. Many illustrations of man and beast adorn the uncommonly attractive volume, typographically considered.

From C. Mitchell & Co., London, we receive the sixtieth issue ("diamond jubilee") of their 'Newspaper Press Directory.' Decidedly the most interesting thing about this work (confined to the United Kingdom and the British Isles) is Mr. Walter Wellsman's modest statement that he assisted the founder with the first issue, in 1846; in 1857 became sub-editor; in 1859, upon Mr. Mitchell's death, chief editor, which he still remains. This is a gazetteer in its way. Of maps it gives but one, from which we perceive that even in the Orkneys two newspapers are published in a single town, Kirkwall. Among unexpected contributed matter is an article on 'The Australian Labor Party and the Empire,' by the Hon. W. P. Reeves, Agent-General for New Zealand.

From Messrs. Scribner we have the fourth issue of 'Baedeker's Northern France,' the field bounded by Dunkirk, Antwerp, Cologne, Strassburg, Basel, Blois, Le Mans, Alençon,

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and Havre; exclusive of Paris. There is, besides this proper map, a larger map of northwestern France from below the Loire, together with the customary detailed sections, charts, plans of cities, etc., inserted amid the itinerary.

In a handsome quarto volume, 'The History of the Victoria Cross' (London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: Dutton), Philip Wilkins relates the 520 conspicuous acts of bravery which have called for as many bestowals of the decoration, instituted in 1856 and made retroactive for the Crimean war. These plain tales are accompanied by a remarkably large number (392) of portraits of the recipients; by statutory and narrative appendices; by a table of awards of the cross by branches of the service; and by a personal index. The scheme has been very carefully and soberly carried out, and as many of the decorated attained high rank in army or navy, the portrait gallery is decidedly valuable, as well as interesting to the student of physiognomy. The first award was for picking up a live shell dropped on the deck of H. M. S. *Hecla* in 1859 by Mate (now Rear-Admiral, retired) Charles Davis Lucas; the latest is Lieut. (now Capt.) Wallace Duffield Wright's standing off in Nigeria 1,000 cavalry and 2,000 infantry with only one officer and forty men, and finally putting the enemy to flight, in 1903.

Mr. William L. Scruggs's new edition of his 'Colombian and Venezuelan Republics' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) is mainly a revision; it contains, however, a new chapter on "Panama Canal Projects," which brings the history of the canal very nearly down to the present time, and gives an outline of the facts connected with the birth of the Republic of Panama. Mr. Scruggs's book is almost entirely descriptive and historical. In his Panama chapter there is nothing of any critical value. The operation by which we ousted Colombia and substituted Panama is represented by him to have been justifiable, in the interests of "civilization," though he admits that there have been, and possibly still are, some differences of opinion about it. But the people "have endorsed the action of the President, and, moreover, what has been done is an accomplished fact, and cannot now be undone, even if that were desirable." The author represented this country in Colombia and Venezuela for many years, and had excellent opportunities for observation and study. He writes generally with fairness, but superficially. In his chapter on Curaçao he describes the local *patois* as "a curious jargon made up of corrupted Dutch, Spanish, and English words, quite unintelligible to foreigners." This is a very insufficient if not misleading account of a philologically interesting phenomenon. Owing to the separation of Curaçao from the fortunes of the mainland, and the vicissitudes of its history, a genuine local language was developed, of which there is a regular grammar, and in which newspapers are or were recently published, and business carried on. It might be called a *lingua franca*, but to go out of the way to notice it as an unintelligible jargon, seems in an old resident of Caracas to argue a kind of ineptitude for critical observation. The book contains several illustrations and maps.

The extraordinary output of Nature Books of one kind or another we owe doubtless to the greatly improved methods of preparing illustrations by photographic processes. Many of these processes are well-nigh perfect, and can be criticised unfavorably only by those who deplore the inevitable decline of wood-engraving. Among the most insistent, and perhaps the most attractive, of these nature-books are the wild-flower and the garden series of all sorts. We had occasion lately to notice an excellent practical work on the Iris. This has been followed by a small book on the Lily, 'The Book of the Lily,' by W. Goldring (John Lane). The author gives a clear general statement in regard to the cultivable species, hybrids, and varieties, and illustrates the handy treatise by exquisite pictures of a few of the best kinds and their most artistic setting. Few persons realize, until they see concrete examples, how much beauty can be brought within the compass of a group of hardy plants. The gem of the collection in this book is the "white lily growing among rosemary at Sandhurst" —a lovely scene, in which "the lilies had not been disturbed for ten years."

Readers who understand that economics is a science rather than a branch of polite literature, Prof. T. N. Carver explains, are those to whom his treatise, 'The Distribution of Wealth' (Macmillan), is offered. To read it requires as much mental effort as to read a treatise on physics, chemistry, or biology. We do not need to say that Professor Carver is well known to this select audience, and that they will appreciate his careful study of a very difficult subject. As to the practical use of developing theories based on purely hypothetical examples, opinions may differ. It is hard to get back to the concrete unless you start from it; but there is no question about the disciplinary value of such exercitations as this.

The revival of protectionism in England has led Mr. Sampson S. Lloyd to translate Friedrich List's work, 'The National System of Political Economy' (Longmans). Prof. J. S. Nicholson writes an introductory chapter, in which he points out that the particular opinions of List are altogether inapplicable to present conditions, but that his principles and fundamental ideas are of real value. "These ideas are always to be reckoned with; they suggest questions which the statesman must answer, whatever the change in conditions." It seems hardly necessary to go back to List for a statement of these ideas, for they have been stated clearly enough in recent times. But we must remember that List impressed his theories on our Philadelphia school of economists, and that our tariffs have been usually made under the influence of this school. There is some rather grim amusement to be derived from comparing the practical results which have been brought about with the precepts laid down by List. He would be infuriated by the excesses of those who call themselves his disciples.

The history of an institution which has had great results is given in 'The Workingmen's College' (Macmillan). The records of the College, and the recollections of many of those who have been connected with it, are here arranged and edited by the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies, and he has embellished his work with fine portraits of Maurice, Hughes, and many another of the noble men who threw their hearts into this truly philanthropical undertaking. The College has always had slender pecuniary support—perhaps gaining for this reason in the quality of its teachers; but it is now in position to indulge itself in a commodious building in Crowndale Road, St. Pancras, erected with its own funds.

Mr. G. Horner's edition of the 'Coptic Version of the New Testament' in the Northern (Bohairic) dialect has now been completed by the publication of vols. iii. and iv., containing the Pauline and Catholic Epistles, Acts, and the Apocalypse (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde). The critical apparatus, as in the first two volumes noticed in these columns seven years ago, is carefully prepared and conveniently arranged. For the Epistles and Acts, the text of MS. "Oriental 424" of the British Museum has been followed, and for the Apocalypse that of the Curzon MS. The collation of other MSS. seems to be exhaustive. The translation (given on the page facing the text) attempts complete literalness, often at the expense of English idiom. The Greek words that are transliterated in the Coptic are printed in italics in the English—a convenient method of indicating the extent and character of the borrowing. Every page bristles with loan words, which include a number of particles and almost the whole of the religious vocabulary except the terms "faith," "love," "wisdom," and a few others. Mr. Horner has done good service in thus bringing out a critical Bohairic text of the New Testament in full. He does not attempt comparison of the Coptic with the Greek, but he has furnished trustworthy material for such comparison. Whatever the date of the Bohairic version (a question still under discussion), it is a valuable witness for the original text of the New Testament, and it is to be hoped that this new edition may aid in the determination of the relation between the Egyptian versions and the great Greek uncials.

To the ninth volume of the 'Jewish Encyclopædia'—Morawczyk-Philippson—(Funk & Wagnalls Co.) applies in general the estimate given here of those which have preceded. The standard cannot be said to be rising; the proportion of staff-written articles seems to be on the increase. Still, if only for its wealth of biography, especially English and American, the book is indispensable for reference. There is a distinctly good article on Music, and the list of Periodicals is very full. Numismatics and Palæography are also good; Peshitta is strangely behind the times. Benzinger's Palestine is, naturally, satisfactory. The illustrations are often of considerable interest, but commonplace photographs of modern buildings are still too numerous.

The second edition of Willmore's 'Spoken Arabic of Egypt' (London: David Nutt) calls for a word only of notice. It is revised throughout, equipped with an armed preface in answer to critics, and is undoubtedly the fullest recent introduction to its subject.

In Professors Gottheil and Jastrow's "Semitic Study Series" two new parts have appeared (Leyden: Late E. J. Brill), one, the Abu Habba Cylinder of Nabuna'id, edited by Prof. J. D. Prince and autographed by Mr. R. J. Lau; the other, a forty-page extract from the 'Prolegomena' of Ibn Khaldun, edited by Prof. D. B. Macdonald. Both have glossaries in English and Ger-

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man. The series is excellent in plan, and will undoubtedly meet a sensible want.

The eminent Romance philologist Adolfo Mussafia, having reached the age limit for service in Austrian universities, has given up his work at the University of Vienna. On February 15, his seventieth birthday was celebrated by the presentation to him in Florence of a handsome volume of 760 pages, prepared in his honor by some sixty contributors, and entitled 'Bausteine zur Romanischen Philologie: Festgabe für Adolfo Mussafia' (Halle: Max Niemeyer). As is usually the case in these memorial volumes, which it has become the fashion in Europe to dedicate to eminent scholars, there is considerable variety in the contributions, which come from various countries and are printed in various languages. One proceeds from America, 'Old Portuguese Songs,' by Prof. H. R. Lang of Yale, and contains the original text and an English translation of nine songs, with notes. The volume includes a bibliography of the writings of Mussafia himself, 336 in number, prepared by his colleague, E. Maddalena. A native of Spalato in Dalmatia, Mussafia is at home in many languages, and has written both in German and in Italian. The best known of his publications is his Italian grammar for Germans, first issued in 1860, which has gone through twenty-seven editions, and is still widely used.

The *Dante minuscolo*, recently issued by the enterprising Milanese publisher, Ulrico Hoepli, shows once more that, in the mechanical part of bookmaking, Italy can at least hold her own with any country. Although the six hundred pages and the binding together are barely half an inch in thickness, the paper is of such excellent quality that the print does not show through. The type is unusually distinct. The size of the charming little volume is about three inches by five, and the weight is less than three ounces. In addition to the complete text of the 'Divine Comedy,' there are some twenty pages of introduction, and also admirably complete but condensed footnotes by Prof. Raffaello Fornaciari. This highly competent editor has naturally avoided controversy, and in general has followed the traditional reading and interpretation. One could not wish a more satisfactory pocket edition of Dante, and the price is exceedingly moderate.

It was inevitable that some one should draw 'Who's Who' upon Dr. Osler. Possibly many have done so, but the first really heavy shot from this ever-loaded gun seems to have been fired by Prof. Edwin G. Dexter of the University of Illinois in the April *Popular Science Monthly*. Of twenty-five different classes of men, aggregating nearly seven thousand, only sixteen per cent. attained the dignity of admission under forty. Of course, 'Who's Who' does not show directly how many of the older "Whos" became so under forty, but, by the ingenious application of mortality tables to the facts which are available from its pages, we are brought logically to the conclusion that more than fifty per cent. of the entire number arrived at the assumed degree of eminence necessary to constitute one a "Who" after the fortieth milestone had been passed. By the way, the records under the name of Dr. William Osler in this same volume are interesting. He was born in 1849, and took his position at the Johns Hopkins University when he had just completed his fortieth year. The medical works by which he is so widely known have come from the press at various intervals since that date, and thus represent only the comparatively feeble efforts of his declining years. In the interests of the general health, one might wish that many other medical writers would leave their work for a similar decline.

Dr. W. H. Workman's account of his Himalayan explorations in 1902-'03 is the feature of the March number of the *Geographical Journal*. Though largely occupied with the scientific description of an immense glacier, it is full of graphic touches and incidents, such as the fall of an avalanche half a mile wide. One of the greatest causes of suffering at the highest altitudes reached was the heat, which at noon with fresh snow became intolerable, the reflected heat being harder to bear than the direct rays. The highest sun temperature registered was 204° Fahrenheit at an altitude of 17,322 feet, the maximum sun temperature in 1903 for a place near Calcutta being 161.9° Fahrenheit. A large number of photographs add much to the interest of the article, as is also the case with Capt. Crosthwait's narrative of a journey in Patagonia. The seventh of the papers giving the results of the Scotch Lake Survey deals with the lochs of the Shiel district. Mr. A. J. Herbertson discusses the possibility of dividing the lands into great natural regions—that is, the development of a systematic geography, especially adapted for technical education.

Petermann's Mitteilungen, number one, is largely devoted to Dr. E. Wagner's report on the Eighth International Geographic Congress in Washington. As regards its scientific work and its significance in the future, he holds it to have fallen below the level of the previous congresses. This was owing to the lack of a subject of absorbing interest, like the Antarctic Exploration at the Berlin Congress, to the vastly too great number (270) of papers presented, and to the excursions. He also says that the recognition accorded the Congress by our officers of state was far less than in the European countries where the previous congresses have been held: A. F. Stahl describes a recent journey in Persia, an interesting episode of which was a visit to the tombs of Esther and Mordecai at Hamadan. This is still a sacred spot, and a lamp is kept burning before them. Dr. F. Nansen discusses the three causes of ocean currents —the interior heat of the earth, the attraction of the moon and sun, and the heat of the sun's rays, which he considers the principal cause. In number two the editor, Dr. Supan, gives an appreciative notice of our Government reports on the island of Guam, reproducing the map which accompanies them. We mention further a statistical description of the natives of the Carolines and Marianne Islands, together with the second and concluding parts of the articles of Nansen and Stahl. The latter calls attention to the recent growth of Tabriz, which is now a city of 300,000 inhabitants and with a large commerce.

—The April *Atlantic* is noticeable for two strong articles of protest against present national tendencies, one on the Cost of War, by Prof. Charles J. Bullock of the Department of Economics in Harvard University; the other, on the Right and Wrong of the Monroe Doctrine, by Charles F. Dole. While Prof. Bullock's article has mostly to do with that part of military expenditure which is measured in dollars and cents, he gives also a very forcible summary of the enormous cost of war in the moral and political degeneracy sure to accompany its progress and to survive its nominal cessation. Mr. Dole shows very effectively the folly of the constant appeals to prejudice in the name of the Monroe Doctrine, in view of the fact that the dangers which justified the original declaration can by no stretch of the imagination be supposed to exist at the present time. With the South American countries in their present condition, no possible colonization schemes of any existing European power can be supposed either to threaten a despotism over the native inhabitants or to be inimical to our own interests, granting that it is not to our own interests to make conquest of these countries for ourselves. On the one hand, then, the Monroe Doctrine is not needed, and, on the other, the constant appeal to unreasoning prejudice which is possible under cover of it drives us into the support of an enormous burden of utterly unnecessary military and naval expenditure. On the purely literary side an appreciation of Henry James, by W. C. Brownell, is the chief attraction. Whether the reader will rise from Mr. Brownell's forty-five columns with entire clearness of mind regarding Mr. James is doubtful, for we have here one over-subtle mind analyzing another. But as we go along we find steady enjoyment, at least, and occasional very just discrimination.

—A small volume entitled 'English Architecture' comes from E. P. Dutton & Co. Its author is Thomas Dinham Atkinson, architect, and it has 200 very small illustrations. It is, perhaps, not surprising that each one of the numerous little handbooks devoted to this subject should improve upon its predecessors; but this book is notably sensible in its historical and critical remarks. Its illustrations, too, however unattractive, are perfectly well chosen and are intelligible. The constant recurrence of the first person plural, the author identifying himself with his fellow-countrymen and speaking of "us" and "our art," is, of course, vexatious. But, in spite of this fault, the tone is critical, and we should like to quote the summing-up which is to be found on page 181. A sentence or two may be given: "Right or wrong, we remain intensely insular. It is perhaps our strength and our weakness that our aims were always characteristically modest and even humble. Under the influence of the Norman we laid down immense buildings. We never surpassed them. . . . The interior of the nave of Durham, the western transept of Ely, both inside and out, the central tower of St. Albans—these are rough-hewn epics which dwarf the efforts of later days." This, we think, is novel. It is impressive as showing an observation of the Gothic churches of England, of early and of later times, which is more than mere national self-glorification. The analysis, two or three pages long, which follows this, is always suggestive and more than suggestive, going on to the close of the time of Wren, and touching each epoch and each important event with singular firmness and ease. It would be well for any student advanced enough to understand the wording

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to learn those four or five pages by heart. The book is divided into history and analysis without express statement of that fact. Chapter i. deals with Romanesque, chapter ii. with Gothic, chapter iii. with Renaissance art, then chapter iv. seems to begin again with "Churches" and a study of the pagan basilica, chapter v. deals with Monasteries, chapter vi. with Houses; in every case, beginning with the earliest vestiges and coming down to the eighteenth century. Chapter vii., entitled "Conclusion," deals with French influence upon England at the time of the beginnings of Gothic art, and also with the English resisting power which prevented French influence from carrying everything before it, as it was doing in western Germany and in northern Spain and the Low Countries. In spite of the strong interest which every English architect of insight must needs feel in mediæval art, this book deals with seventeenth-century and even eighteenth-century building with equal fairness and completeness; and what it has to say about Inigo Jones as the first "architect" in England, about the character of his design and of his influence, and about certain examples of buildings dating from 1650 to the close of the eighteenth century, is all intelligent quite beyond the custom of such essays.

—Robert Stephen Hawker (1803-75), Vicar of Morwenstow, has long been a picturesque and familiar figure. Shortly after his death, two rival memoirs appeared. That by Dr. F. G. Lee, who shared his subject's "advanced" views and Romeward tendency, is little known, and was largely polemic. The other, by Mr. S. Baring-Gould (who did not consult the family), had more charm but less authenticity; it was twice revised and reprinted, and did much to spread the fame of Hawker's eccentricities, virtues, and abilities. His "Cornish Ballads" (1868), as Froude wrote him, "belong to a kind which cultivation can no more create than it can create a living flower or tree"; his poems, as collected in 1879, called forth a kindly response from Longfellow and a pension to the widow. His Trelawney ballad (1824) is well known, and a brief hymn of his had been confounded with one long previously used. And now his 'Life and Letters,' by his son-in-law, C. E. Byles (John Lane), leaves nothing to be desired. The large volume is enriched by numerous quaint portraits and sketches of Cornish buildings and monuments; the text deals frankly with the vicar's excitability, extravagance, generosity, hospitality, humor, etc., and has plenty of personal and local color and no lack of anecdote. Thus, when a tourist asked for his "views and opinions," the host led him to a window, and pointed out "the highest cliff on this coast, on the right; the church on the left; the Atlantic Ocean in the middle. These are my views. My opinions I keep to myself." He thought the air full of spirits, and the lower animals sharers in a future life; he cited Origen to show that "He who careth for cattle hath appointed a spiritual guardian for them each in its rank." In 1863, vexed at the failure of punishment for Colenso's heresies, he wrote, "Ours is a Church of deportment without dogma or discipline"; in the spring of 1875, "My mind—it is gone." On August 14, the evening before his death, he was received into the Church of Rome. Long before this he had worn a medal celebrating Pope Pius IX. and the Immaculate Conception.

—Since Italian literature began, the question of the language has always been a burning one in Italy. In spite of voluminous dialect literature, periodic reversions to Latin, and occasional attempts to snub the Florentines as a lot of pedantic purists, the melodious and highly idiomatic speech of Tuscany has been the foundation of the literary language from Dante's day to the present. Dante's own works fixed it securely in this position, even though he himself denied that either the Tuscan or any other dialect was suitable for literary use. So universally is it recognized that the Tuscans have as their birthright the ideal form of Italian speech, that writers from other parts of the peninsula—men like Ariosto, Alfieri, and Manzoni—have done their best to assimilate their style to that of Florence. And now the most popular of living Italian writers, who was born and lives in the North, Edmondo De Amicis, has published a book in defence of the Tuscan vernacular, 'L'Idioma Gentile' (Milan: Fratelli Treves). It is not a systematic treatise on grammar or rhetoric, but a collection of notes, sketches, and discussions, connected by their common purpose of stirring up the easy-going Tuscan to an appreciation of the beauty and nobility of his native speech, and of inducing other Italians to improve theirs. De Amicis's books sell by the hundred thousand, without the artificial stimulus that sometimes produces a demand for large editions, and his influence is wholly good. He believes that a common language is a potent means of attaining the unification of Italy. His own numerous works are notable examples of good taste and purity in writing; and, in spite of his Northern birth, he has so far mastered the Tuscan speech that the most captious Florentine academician rarely catches him in a word or phrase that is not of the purest Tuscan. His new book is full of instruction and interest; it cannot fail to be valuable to every one, foreigner and native alike, who wishes to perfect himself in the understanding and use of the *lingua di sì*. And withal, it is fascinating reading. It has already created a sensation in Italy.

—While Danish literature is fairly well provided with books dealing with America and American life—notable among which is Cavling's 'Fra Amerika'—Norwegian literature has been comparatively poorly off; only the last year or two has produced any at all readable works in this line. We refer to 'Om Chicago,' by Peter Daae, and 'Det Norske Amerika,' by Thoralf Klaveness, both published by Cammermeyer in Christiania. The author of the former work has for a good many years been a resident of Chicago, working on the staff of a Norwegian paper published there, and is accordingly familiar enough with the several phases of life in the Western metropolis, which he describes as "America's most American city, and the third largest Norwegian city in the world." His aim is, in 150 pages, to acquaint the Norwegian reading public with Chicago and its institutions, its population, its criminals and its courts, its theatres, literature, etc., and at the same time, so far as Chicago may be said to be typical of America, with American life as a whole. Errors and misstatements are fewer than in most foreign books describing American life, and become apparent chiefly where a more general and comprehensive view or a more detailed and specialized study is required for the understanding of some institution. The absence of illustrations is to be regretted, and the author's language bears plain witness to his long stay in Chicago. The other book above mentioned is more ambitious in its character. Mr. Klaveness is the editor of a provincial paper, who spent some months in the United States at the expense of the Norwegian Government, with a so-called journalist's scholarship. His 260 richly illustrated pages (with no apparent connection between illustrations and text, however) purpose to give an account of the life of Norwegian emigrants to the United States, with casual reference to American life in general. The book naturally contains a good many enlightening remarks, but also abounds in errors and misstatements, and the author evidently takes himself rather more seriously than most of his readers will feel inclined to do. An introductory autograph letter from Björnson praises the work highly, particularly the style. The latter may, in fact, be said to be a clumsy imitation of Björnson's own.

—Gustav Kruell's new engraving of Franklin, in size, in technique, and in authority, takes its place securely among the foremost of his triumphs on the wood block; and for connoisseurs this statement is all-sufficient. The Japan proof before us belongs in this artist's later series for color, and displays his power to produce a solid and coherent personality—a portrait in which every things "hangs together" and there is no fumbling. For his original, Mr. Kruell resorted to the Duplessis pastel of 1778 now in the possession of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, and leaving much to be desired on the score of distinctness and detail, as is so often the case with this vehicle. Unlike the more senile pastel of 1783 by the same Frenchman, owned by Mr. John Bigelow and engraved on steel as the frontispiece to his 'Life of Franklin from his Works,' this presentment looks to the left. It is again distinguished by a fur collar; but, above all, the mouth is a line of singular subtlety, by which it would almost be as proper to characterize this remarkable print as to identify the work of the old painters by a chair or other accessory. It is the first thing to fix the attention. The flesh, the flowing hair, the several components of the dress, are executed with the customary mastery; indeed, the way in which the bust is handled, with its diversity of stuffs and folds, is delightful to study, while this and the background are both subordinated to the face and ever lead us back to it. Clearly, the hand which successfully delineated Lincoln and Webster and Beethoven and all the great subjects between, has lost none of its cunning or its patience. Mr. Kruell's address is No. 102 Sussex Avenue, East Orange, N. J.

RECENT POETRY.

In the six ornate but rather ill-printed volumes of the collected edition of Mr. Swinburne's poems (Harpers), we have, in some respects at least, the most important body of poetry by a living writer. About

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the only wholly new offering in the set is a dedicatory epistle of twenty-five pages addressed to Theodore Watts-Dunton, in which the poet, in some highly characteristic prose, endeavors to forestall both "the purblind scrutiny of prepossession" and "the squint-eyed inspection of malignity," of which he has had some experience in the past. The epistle is in the main a somewhat grandiloquent synopsis of the succession of fervid moods which Mr. Swinburne has voiced in his verse, with repeated assurances of their sincerity. Not all of its asseverations are quite verified in the poetry that follows. "My first if not my strongest ambition," he says, "was to do something worth doing, and not utterly unworthy of a young countryman of Marlowe the teacher, and Webster the pupil, of Shakspere, in the line of work which those three poets had left as a possibly unattainable example for ambitious Englishmen." Despite this *ex-cathedra* pronouncement, it seems to us, in reading all the six volumes, that the striking thing about the poetry of Mr. Swinburne is that it is not essentially, in form and spirit, English poetry at all; that it is rather the work of a spiritual countryman of Hugo and Baudelaire. The characteristic marks of great English poetry we do not find in it very plentifully. If we mistake not, there has never been an English poet of the first rank who did not show the native English gift for terse and gnomic expression—the ability to throw an apothegm into a line of verse. In English poetry, in the very turbulence of passion there has always been a certain moderation and reserve approaching almost to curtness. Hence, even in English poets of the second rank, the fine, closely-packed single line has been more in evidence than in any other poetry outside of Dante and Virgil. Yet nowhere beneath the swirling, Strauss-like measures of Mr. Swinburne's resounding poems, with their celebration of "panic" and "nympholepsy," do we find much trace of this gift of terse wisdom; and memorable single lines are few. Perhaps the most English thing in him is his deep love of the sea in all the phases which he enumerates in a clause of the epistle, which, isolated, strangely echoes the cadence of his most characteristic lines—

"The revels and the terrors and the glories of the sea."

But if Mr. Swinburne's ample collected achievement lacks that last element of poetic permanence which comes from a deep national quality, it is clearly of a larger and more momentous volume than it has always been possible to recognize. No modern poet except his master, Hugo, has been more constantly capable of a certain kind of music: the echo, as Hugo said of his own verse in the notable Preface to 'Les Voix Intérieures,' "bien confus et bien affaibli, sans doute, mais fidèle, l'auteur le croit, de ce chant qui répond en nous au chant que nous entendons hors de nous." No living poet has studied the intricate cadences of Greek choruses more minutely and imitated them more successfully. No living poet has taken a more unwavering stand as the singer of human rights, even if he has envisaged them from the angle rather of a Continental revolutionary than of a poet of the isles where Freedom broadens slowly down from precedent to precedent. And, finally, no living poet has drunk more deeply of the old wells of poesy in literature. As he says in a heightened passage of the dedicatory epistle, which would make exemplary reading both for our parlor performers in poetry and for those slighter members of the Tribe of Walt who are so dissident from the apostolic succession of poets:

"The half-brained creature to whom books are other than living things, may see with the eyes of a bat, and draw with the fingers of a mole, his dullard distinction between books and life; those who live the fuller life of a higher animal than he, know that books are to poets as much a part of that life as pictures are to painters or as music is to musicians, dead matter though they may be to the spiritual stillborn children of dirt and dulness who find it possible and natural to live while dead in heart and brain. Marlowe and Shakspere, Æschylus and Sappho do not for us live only on the dusty shelves of libraries."

An uncommonly masculine volume is that of the 'Selected Poems' of John Davidson (John Lane). Mr. Davidson has drawn from his seven earlier volumes with a shrewd critical sense. He has shown an evident velleity in the selection to play up, so to say, a single phase of his talent. As that phase, however, is his most characteristic, the volume is, as a matter of fact, pretty adequately representative. That gift of haunting song which readers of his other volumes remember, is not very much in evidence here; but this has never been more than a passing interest in his wilful work. His unusual mastery of narrative construction in verse, his energy of conception and readiness in the fundamental mind-work of poetry, are all shown here at their best in the "Ballads," which make the bulk of the book. Mr. Davidson envisages life with a deep tragic sense. He sees it steadily, yet he does not see it quite whole—suicide and seduction do not play quite that chief part in the world which they do in Mr. Davidson's poetry; yet, for all the grimness of Mr. Davidson's habitual mood, the vigor and color of his poetic speech are marvellously refreshing. How vividly startling is the conclusion of his "Ballad of Hell," where the lady who has been betrayed into killing herself for love escapes from the pit:

"Across the weltering deep she ran;
A stranger thing was never seen:
The damned stood silent to a man;
They saw the great gulf set between.

"To her it seemed a meadow fair;
And flowers sprang up about her feet.
She entered Heaven; she climbed the stair
And knelt down at the mercy-seat.

"Seraphs and saints with one great voice
Welcomed that soul that knew not fear;
Amazed to find it could rejoice,
Hell raised a hoarse, half-human cheer."

In his 'Musa Verticordia' (John Lane) Mr. Francis Coutts shows a similar endeavor after sincerity and directness. At times this mood seems to partake of a certian prosaic hardness of view, of phrase, and of versification, that gives to a poem the effect rather of a tersely turned paragraph of prose than of musical and memorable verse; but Mr. Coutts is always thoughtful and always sensitive to the imaginative import of his ideas, so that sometimes, when a true poetic glow is imparted to him by the energy of his subject, his writing is, to adopt an overworked but useful word, suggestive. His "Bayreuth: An Antithesis" presents him at his best. The first member of the antithesis is Parsifal:

"Deep in the forest's moist, malarious gloom,
Dungeoned in terror of the world, they lie,
Knights of the Grail; as in a sick man's room,
The air is faint with languid agony.

"There is no man in all their spectral host,
There is no woman in old Klingsor's crew;
Sir Parsifal is tempted by a ghost,
Half ghost himself; since love he never knew."

So the verse runs on, in an admirable presentation of the wan mediæval mood of morbid fervor. The second member of the antithesis is "Die Meistersinger," which presents, as Mr. Coutts sees it, an honester view of life:

"Released from that miasmic spell
And commune with sad souls half-dead,
With him who cobbled and sang as well
High on the hills of life we tread.

"Well met, Hans Sachs! We grasp your hand,
We look you full in the face and feel
That men who in the sunshine stand
Need never in the darkness kneel."

'The Twin Immortalities, and Other Poems,' by Charles E. Russell (The Hammersmark Publishing Co.), is avowedly an attempt to further that *Andersstreben* of the arts of music and poetry, of the wisdom of which we have in these columns been constrained to express a certain skepticism. In the titular poem of the volume we have a sonorous rhapsody of that heaven of song where the masters of poetry and music together go:

"There dwell forever now the souls
Whose strains remembered bring the stars to earth.
There mighty Bach by Milton strolls;
Made one by springtime's mirth.
Bartholdi walks by Suckling's side;
Great-browed and pondering,
Or in vision after vision wandering,
Brahms seeks the ways untried.
Schumann and Shelley through the sunniest lands
Or past deep hills hold thoughtful pace;
Beethoven close by Hugo stands
With solemn, tender face;
And kindly like the sun in fall
The splendid light of Shakspere shines on all."

In other poems in the volume Mr. Russell has made a set attempt to follow the structure of a classical sonata. We have, for example, in a fine poem on Graubünden, that cradle of democracy, four movements: Andante cantabile—Allegro risoluto, Adagio, Allegro con brio, and Rondo. Mr. Russell has made in these poems an uncommonly intelligent but not quite convincing experiment. In any concerted poem a close analysis of the succession of moods is likely to reveal something of essential musical structure. Even writers of prose in the least imaginative must sometimes have been vaguely aware of a similar constraining principle in the ordonnance of their paragraphs. The trouble is, however, that the music of poetry can never be a matter of pure sound, for its material is words, which have the awkward characteristic of embodying ideas, concepts, and notions. Readers of poetry through some thousands of years have come to expect these ideas, concepts, and notions, and they are pretty sure to come away from the reading of the poetry which is written with set musical intent with a certain sense of frustration, and a feeling that they have been defrauded of an essential part of true poetic pleasure.

We like Mr. Russell better in those poems where his musical structure is only implicit. He has an admirable gift of phrase, which at its best is alive to its finger tips. He would do well, however, to consider the

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modicum of truth which is in Poe's dictum that a long lyric is a contradiction in terms; for his poetic impulse is so unflagging, and his mind so full of remembered cadences and colors, that too many of his pieces come to be a little overdrawn. Yet it is not often that one finds a volume of verse more fulfilled of the true poetic unction, more fervent with the old dream of human brotherhood. Some of the least ambitious pieces are best of all—witness this picturesque rowing song:

"Sweep—sweep—sweep—
By winding shore and willowy screen,
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
Across tree-shadows gray or green,
By shelving beach of crinkling sand,
And deeps where drowsing cattle stand;
By white vine-scented cottage trim,
And where the red vine clusters peep,
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
And the strong white eddies leap
Where the broad blades run in the burning sun
With their sweep—sweep—sweep—

"By mouldering pier-heads that still keep
Their watch and ward on silent streams,
By grand-dams in wide doors asleep
And dreaming who shall say what dreams.
And further in cool breaths of pine
That taste like some old-vintage wine,
Where scarce one ray of the saffron day
Through the arch of the incense shrine makes way,
Where the shadowy walls an echo make
To the sweep—sweep—sweep—
And the dancing globes in my wake
Of tree-top line and gold-leaf shine
The tinted image take.

"Sweep—sweep—sweep—
Now where great domes of cloudland drift,
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
Now where long shafts of sunlight shift
Through blue and white and golden brown,
Where sloping fields of wheat come down,
Where through burnt fumes of summer bloom
The slender village steeples loom
Or broken in the bow-wave's curl,
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
And the face of a country girl
Round-eyed and brown from the bridge looks down
To watch the foam-wreaths whirl.

"Sweep—sweep—sweep—
The oar rings true like a crystal bell;
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
The rushes lisp in the tiny swell;
And the treble tinkling of the song
Up where the keen prow shears along
Keeps tune and time with the plashing chime,
Keeps note for note with the sterner rhyme
Of the grumbling gear of the sliding seat.
Sweep—sweep—sweep—
And beneath the hard-pressed feet
The ripples rise, the slim bow flies
To the song of the sliding seat."

'The Garden of Years, and Other Poems,' by the late Guy Wetmore Carryl (Putnams), is a sorrowful volume in its indication of defeated promise. It shows Mr. Carryl just working out of the Byronic mood, with foregleams of a sincerity and eloquence in verse which, coupled with his exceptional mastery of the long rolling line and of the largo movement, might have carried him far. His quality can be no more fitly shown than in the verses entitled "On the Prow," which, with something of a Tennysonian color, recall, without imitating, a familiar poem of Clough's:

"Strange, silent East! Across the solemn calm
The slender ship outward and onward strives,
Bearing to odorous shores of date and palm
The burden of a hundred little lives.

"On a light course drift I toward the verge
Beyond which lies what now I may not know;
Yet my heart whispers, 'These gray wastes of surge
Stretch whither it is good for me to go.'

"Youth like the speeding sun left far behind—
Unanswered questions mutely sent before—
O great, dim East, what welcome shall I find
When thy wide arms unveil the distant shore?

"The prow knows not the harbor that it nears,
Nor I if thou shalt bring the seeker rest—
Yet the strong hand the fragile ship that steers
Will guide her to the haven that is best."

Mr. Robert Loveman, in his 'Songs from a Georgia Garden' (Lippincott), proves himself again one of the verse writers whose gift is for the thumbnail sketch rather than for the large canvas. His range is slender, and a certain eccentric slightness and fragility is his habitual quality. Sometimes, however, his little unnamed poems are very individual and right—a kind of poetic pin-prick, pleasantly provocative, as in this:

"What! I fear death?
Believe me, no;
Out of a mystery we come,
Into the light we go.

"What! I fear death?
I swear to thee
My chiefest thought is one
Of curiosity."

A similar gift for terse poetic expression, with a considerably greater burden of thought and feeling, is seen in 'Cassia, and Other Poems,' by Edith M. Thomas (Badger). In Miss Thomas's verse there is, however, always something of a struggle between a native endowment of song and the disposition to ratiocinate, that sometimes results in crabbed verse.

The best of the poems which Mrs. Florence Earle Coates has brought together in 'Mine and Thine' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) are those which deal with persons, ranging from Socrates to William B. Yeats. These are always sympathetic to the essential quality of the man. Sometimes they are excellent examples of sonnet eloquence, like this, of Jean François Millet:

"Not far from Paris, in fair Fontainebleau,
A lovely, memory-haunted hamlet lies,
Whose tender spell makes captive, and defies
Forgetfulness. The peasants come and go—
Their backs too used to stoop—and patient sow
The harvest which their narrow need supplies;
Even as when, earth's pathos in his eyes,
Millet dwelt here, companion of their woe,

Loved Barbizon! with thorns, not laurels, crowned,
He looked thy sorrows in the face, and found—
Vital as seed warm nestled in the sod—
The hidden sweetness at the heart of pain;
Trusting thy sun and dew, thy wind and rain,
At home with nature, and at one with God."

In the 'Poems' of Hildegarde Hawthorne (Badger) a graceful lyric gift, a vein of pretty fancy, and a habitual mood of ideality are very little inconvenienced by disturbing mental processes. The volume contains several songs as tuneful as this:

"Sing me a sweet, low song of night
Before the moon is risen,
A song that tells of the stars' delight
Escaped from the day's bright prison;
A song that croons with the cricket's voice,
That sleeps with the shadowed trees;
A song that should bid my heart rejoice
At its tender mysteries!

"And then when the song is ended, love,
Bend down your head unto me,
Whisper the word that was born above
Ere the moon had swayed the sea;
Ere the brightest star began to shine
Or the farthest sun to burn,
The oldest of words, O heart of mine,
Yet newest, and sweet to learn."

'A Pageant of Life,' by Gamaliel Bradford, jr. (Badger), is the intelligent verse of a scholarly man of fine sensibilities, who has meditated the literary history of the world long and minutely. This history is poetically presented in a series of sonnets. It begins with one on Heraclitus, touches in passing on such subjects as "Alexander's Empire," "Lucretius," "Saint Anthony," "Cervantes," and "Kant," and ends with one on "Democracy," wherein we have a rather pessimistic picture of modern man, who

"chants with might and main,
In penny sheets, self-laudatory hymns—
Monster, with arms, legs, belly, and no brain."

Besides the "Pageant of Life" there are some gracefully turned songs and a few admirably close and sympathetic translations from Leopardi. For a reader of bookish tastes this is a pleasant volume.

For the vast unconsidered remainder of what may be called by the generic name of Badger poets, Mr. Philip Green Wright may stand as fairly representative. In a "foreword" to Mr. Wright's 'Dial of the Heart,' Mr. Charles A. Sandburg says:

"Of the making of verses, doggerel, yawps, and blats, there is no end. Rare is the one who has approached his task, saying: 'I want to make something fine, something that will show the best and truest of myself, something that will be a gratification to the highest and strongest in me.' Yet that is the spirit in which I believe Philip Green Wright has written out these pieces of poetry. Are they to be classic? Not all of them. But there are passages that so accurately, so sincerely, and with such heart-stir reflect what every thinking, feeling man and woman knows, that they will live a long time."

Revolving the work of Badger poets as a class, the salient and essential quality of all is seen to be this trait which Mr. Sandburg has so memorably named *heart-stir*. A single specimen of it from the writings of Mr. Wright will perhaps be adequate. It is a "Quatrain":

"Oh, to throw off the incubus!
Oh, to laugh long and free as though I had blond, curly hair!
Not to care a damn for men or fate,
To feel myself an elemental force, one with rain, sunshine, and wind."

Heart-stir being thus rife in the land, we might expect that the momentous events of present years would find some expression in song. This is, indeed, the case. 'The Senator: A Threnody,' by the Rev. Henry Carver McCook (George W. Jacobs), is a memorial poem of 171 pages, dealing with the life and political activity of the late Marcus A. Hanna. The fourth canto of the poem is "A Plea for Immortality," and the fifth contains some description of the life beyond, all conducted with a skill evidencing considerable homiletic experience.

Another poem for the times is "An Inaugural Ode," by Mr. Alexander Blair Thaw (Nelson, N. H.: The Monadnock Press), which presents the conventional emotions of a thoughtful and well-read man on Inauguration day, with considerable metrical facility.

A considerable fervor of feeling, accompanied by an easy command of poetic rhetoric, gives at first reading to Mr. Frederic Lawrence Knowles's 'Love Triumphant' (Dana Estes & Co.) a pleasant individuality. Despite a good deal of straining after the "modern note," the poetry of Mr. Knowles is markedly reminiscent. In weaving the variations about the old theme of yester years he is particularly skilful. In the

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first and title poem of the volume we have the fine, if somewhat loosely imaged lines:

"Helen's lips are drifting dust;
Ilion is consumed with rust;
All the galleons of Greece
Drink the ocean's dreamless peace," etc.,

and so on to the lesson of the perdurability of love. In the next poem, the same theme is handled in a pretty new measure:

"Lovers kissed and parted,
Eyes were moist and blue,
In the Midian meadows
Moses knew.

Cheeks were wet with weeping,
Brows were hot with fire,
Ere the hand of Homer
Swept the lyre.

And this masque of midnight
And the moon's white face
Looked on Nile and Jordan
Thebes and Thrace,"

and so on to the end:

"Press thy lips to mine, dear,
Thus—and thus—and thus—
Space and time shall perish
Slain by us.

All the lands of wonder,
Years of pain and bliss,
We will taste together
In that kiss!"

This is all rather pleasant in its warm fluency, but, as one reads on through the book and re-reads, the rhetorical virtuosity becomes more obvious and the poetry less. Mr. Knowles's writing would gain by a more rigorous selection, by the unsparing pruning of the pieces selected, and by a more laborious study to replace the specious loud rhetorical phrase by the inevitable word of poetry.

VÁMBÉRY'S MEMOIRS.

The Story of My Struggles: The Memoirs of Arminius Vámbéry. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1904. 2 vols. Pp. 492.

There have been few autobiographies at once so outspoken and so evidently truthful as this. Dr. Vámbéry, without question, knows himself, and he has here communicated that knowledge without reserve. The details of his life, from his unrecorded birth of unknown date, to his residence now at Budapest as an authority of the first rank on the politics of Europe and Asia, are set forth clearly. Equally clear are the analysis and statement of his motives, beliefs, and ideals, his whole inner life. His estimate, too, of his opportunities, powers, and achievements is of evident soundness. Ruling out the inevitable blind spot, not many men have seen themselves so steadily and so wholly as they are, as has this Hungarian Jew.

It is the life of a linguist, not of a scholar; of a looker-on of Oriental politics, not of an official nor even of a politician; of a Jew-cosmopolitan, not of a Hebrew; of an amateur in religions and a disciple of Voltaire and Strauss; of a man of one great journey, not of a man with wandering in his blood. There is a deep pathos, too, in it all. His country calls him a Jew, and a Jew is not a Hungarian; he would not call himself a Hebrew, and the synagogue will have none of him. His attitude towards religion in general is that of the over and done eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries—an attitude which sees priestcraft only, and holds that Europe leads the world in spite of Christianity. He has done better work for England than many English statesmen, and yet is almost without a country, so out of touch in race, religion, and country he is and has been with all his environment. But there is another side. The place of these primary garments of existence has been taken for him by the broadest spirit of humanity. Not simply to see men and cities, nor even to survey mankind in philosophic leisure, has been his life. But to merge himself in every race and in every kind and condition of men—to lose his mother-tongue and to know none as such save the tongue of the hour—to act a part with all the histrionic genius of the Hebrew race, until (following the command of Muhammad, "Weep when you read the Qur'an, and if you cannot weep, feign weeping; in time you will weep") these mimic words and actions became his own—to turn cosmopolite, in no cold, detached sense, but by taking the world (at least, the Orient world) to his heart—this has been for him the substance of his life, and its own exceeding great reward. And so, at the last, he looks back to the sneering advice of his clerical teacher in the gymnasium, "Moshele, why dost thou study? It would be better for thee to be a butcher," and knows that it was well to study and that his life has been worth living.

So it was from the very beginning. Lame, poor, half-starved, contemned, an irrepressible vitality, loquacity, industry kept him moving steadily on a course which was in essentials that of all his life to come. His religious beliefs dropped away from him without a struggle. They simply vanished, and he went on without them. They had never interpreted or vitalized the world to him, and, when they were gone, the world was still as of old—very good and needing no interpretation. His Catholic instructors used him as acolyte at the Mass; he served very calmly, just as he was to take part thereafter in Dervish *dhikrs*. He was a good student, but ordered study with its certificates and regular promotions did not interest him. Languages, for him, were everything, and these he learned for use, not discipline. He talked if need be to himself; he read, above all, poetry and imaginative literature. He learned, too, to depend upon himself, and to take short views into the future. He felt secure that he would come through somehow, although starvation seemed round the next corner. An iron industry at the things which he liked, an unquenchable hopefulness, and a power of making things turn up carried him along.

Then came the first journey to the East, begun on some scanty savings as a private tutor. At Constantinople, Vámbéry finally found himself. His savings soon gave out, but, as a tutor in languages, a reciter of poetry in cafés, and finally as an accepted member of Turkish households, known as Reshid Efendi and as good as a Muslim, with no questions asked on either side, he slipped into the smooth, easy-going current of Oriental life. It was now that he learned to know the East on the inside. He had long heard it calling, and recognized that it was a career. Libraries, too, opened to him; MSS became accessible, Chagataic texts raised again for him the problem of the origins of the Hungarian race. These last saved him, too, from the fatal spell of Oriental sloth. Commissioned by the Magyar Academy to investigate in Central Asia the relationships of the Magyar language, and furnished by them with scanty funds and a magniloquent Latin letter of safe conduct, he left Budapest in 1861 on his great journey.

But little good for that lay in these European helps. It was to Constantinople that his real success was due. When he left there in turn, it was as Reshid Efendi, with official passport and letters of commendation to the Turkish Minister at Teheran. He was to be a real Turk thereafter, and a dervish dependent on alms, and journeying to the sacred shrines of Bukhara. In Persia, it is true, he was, as a Turk, a Sunnite heretic; but religious details sat easily upon him, and a dervish has a large latitude allowed and taken. At Teheran a fresh start was made, and this time in Sunnite Central Asia the Turkish commendations had full weight. Added to this, and more weighty than all, was a solemn passport from the Turkish Ambassador, giving him the title of Hajji. This, above all else, carried him through, but it may be a subject of meditation how much lying, first and last, the use of it must have involved. Burton, it may be remarked, held that no one who had not actually been through a pilgrimage could maintain such a title. The knowledge required could be gained at first hand only.

Into this great journey there is no need to enter here. By it Vámbéry became known and remains known; he never made another. His knowledge of the East he had practically gained before, but this spectacular feat gave him the ear of Europe. And yet, as he says himself, there was nothing in it so different from his early life. The experiences of the young Jew, despised and mocked, hungry and weary, had been much those of the mendicant dervish in the terrors, physical and mental, of the steppes of Asia. All his life he had been playing parts until they had become a reality for him. Further, it was not accident which now led him to England and made him the champion of England against the world. To his own country he was a very dubious Jew; though he writes himself to this day a Hungarian, in Hungary no theatre existed then for his public appearance. The two powers to which he might naturally turn were the Eastern rivals, England and Russia. But with Russia, plainly, he could have no part. He and his race and his country knew Russia too well. The Jewish people and the oppressed nationalities of Eastern Europe had no question where friendship for freedom might be found. So to London he went with his book, and discovered how England receives the man who has done something—above all, has been where no one else has been, and who knows something bearing on the moment and can tell it clearly. His future was thus fixed. He was to be a political Orientalist, a writer of books, magazine articles, newspaper letters, and paragraphs bearing on living situations.

To this part of his life Professor Vámbéry gives his second volume as a whole. It is marked throughout by the same keen insight into others as into himself, the same absolute frankness and truthfulness. His characterizations are full of good-humored appreciation. Of his own little vanities he makes no secret, and of how flattering and pleasant he found the attentions of (for ex-

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ample) both Victoria and Edward VII.—how wounded, too, he was by the long neglect which he met with in his own country, and how unquenchable has been his love of distinction and fame. A childlike naïveness that disarms criticism runs through all this. The pictures, moreover, which he puts before us are so bright and telling; the atmosphere of the whole is so garrulously attractive; the spirit is so transparently honest, and the ideals for the liberty and progress of the world are so uncompromising, that it would take the most pronounced anti-Britisher to be irritated by his vision of the destinies of England. Nor is there at any point a touch of bitterness; even Mr. Gladstone is dealt with playfully. Few choices, indeed, have been so speedily and completely vindicated by events as his between the two great Oriental Powers. With every day, at present, the difference which he saw is becoming clearer to the most prejudiced.

The same holds true of his judgments on the present condition of Persia and Turkey. The pages which tell of his intercourse with the present Sultan and with the late Nasredin Shah are among the most weighty in his book. No European has known the Sultan as he; certainly none has published his estimate so fully and frankly. What is said here is evidently meant to mark the close of a long and difficult acquaintance, and is practically a confession of failure to solve that problem in character. Yet some points are made absolutely clear: one, that Abdul Hamid still regards the Turkish empire as the personal property of himself and his dynasty; and another, that the Armenian massacres, with or without cause, were deliberately planned by him. A "box on the ear" he called them to Vámbéry, when incautiously speaking of his purpose.

It is characteristic for the linguist in the strict sense that two passages (pp. 127, 365) are quoted in hopelessly bad Arabic, and ascribed to the Koran, where they assuredly do not occur. More strange, for one more of a Turk than the Turks, is the definition (p. 373) of a "Khaliph," as "a lawful descendant of Muhammad." Professor Vámbéry must write with a very running pen indeed. But there can be no question of the truth of his colors; and that, here, is the main thing.

A Gardener's Year. By H. Rider Haggard. With plan and twenty-five illustrations. Longmans, Green & Co. 1905.

A great charm of all honestly written books on gardening resides in the frankness with which disappointments and mistakes are recorded. Such records are instructive and attractive just in proportion to the openness of the confessions. Mr. Haggard has much literary skill, and he knows how to turn to best account the history of his errors. The errors and failures serve as the most admirable background to bring out into strong relief the successes and peaceful triumphs. The successes in this well-managed garden have been many, and the mistakes are relatively few.

There are, in truth, two gardens under description, one by the easternmost shore of Suffolk, in England, where the author has waged a vigorous battle with the encroaching sea; the other, a diversified estate of about three acres, with six glass-houses, is the main subject of the present book. The record runs through a varied year from January, 1903, and comes to a close in December, with comments of satisfaction that the months have been, on the whole, well spent, and that the garden is in better condition than when the year began. An American must remember, as he reads this pleasant book, that English skies are not like ours, and, secondly, that the writer of the record has passed much of his active life in a country where the climatic extremes are not wholly unlike those which try our souls. Mr. Haggard evinces a patience under the trials of English weather which has been evolved from climatic conditions in the south of Africa. The sudden and unwelcome changes of weather, in both the large garden and that near the shore, appear to have been borne by the writer with admirable equanimity and even taken as a matter of course. There is not much that can be quoted from the book to illustrate its agreeable style or to indicate the large amount of sound information which it contains, but attention must be called to one statement which shows the good courage that characterized the efforts of this lover of plants.

At the author's place, in Kessingland, in Suffolk, the cliffs and sandy shore are swept by fierce winds from the northeast. Under the steady beating of the wind and sea, great encroachments were being made upon the sandy beach. To protect in a measure this treacherous and shifting barrier, the writer planted a beach-grass (*Ammophila arenaria*) in considerable quantity, and left the plants to struggle for a foothold. Seawalls are worthless as defenders—they are costly and unsatisfactory; but, after five years of Marum grass, the beach had risen about twelve feet in height, in some places coming over the grass itself. In all the high tides not a single clump has been washed away, and the extreme limit of the sea seems to have been pushed back more than twenty yards. Some of the strongly entrenched tussocks of the Marum plants are now three feet through, and hold the shifting particles together firmly, binding them into a band of steel instead of a rope of sand. Along our exposed coast from the elbow of Cape Cod to its finger-tips at Provincetown, there are many places where sand-stays have been tried, but at times with only indifferent success, and they have been used ineffectually on our doomed Sable Island off the coast of Nova Scotia. It would seem as if the good results obtained by Mr. Haggard should again brace up our courage to a renewal of the fight against the sea.

It may be well to call attention also to the excellent judgment shown by Mr. Haggard in his indulgence to his laborers. On his place of three acres, where there were all sorts of plants cultivated, he had a head gardener, an assistant of twenty-one, an old man of seventy, and a general workman. The old man was of little use except to look after an oil-engine and attend to jobs around the house; the general workman came only when he was specially needed. Therefore, the staff consisted of two active men. But the relations which existed between the master and men were so amicable that both employees were loyal in the highest degree. Every now and then the head-gardener, Mason, *would* have his way, and that is as it should be. Nothing does a lover of a garden so much real good as to be now and then sharply headed off in his plans by a skilled workman who is devoted to his craft, loyal to his special garden, and faithful to his master. And nothing does the master more permanent good than to keep his temper during these struggles for supremacy. Mr. Haggard has, in his garden, an even temper, and appears to be a good judge of men. He is certainly, too, an excellent amateur gardener.

The Long Ago and the Later On; or, Recollections of Eighty Years. By George Tisdale Bromley. San Francisco: A. W. Robertson. 1904. Pp. 289.

"Uncle George," eighty-eight years old, who now for the first time ventures upon the field of authorship, is a prince in Bohemia—not in the province of which Prague is the capital, nor in that boundless province whose leaders are found in London, Paris, and New York, but in that limited and reserved Bohemia which maintains a club in San Francisco, famous for its promotion of wit, merriment, and friendship, to say nothing of its contributions to art, letters, and music.

In the outside world, Mr. Bromley has held several positions which might give him title to grateful remembrance upon the Pacific Coast, but doubtless that which would give him most pleasure is "Uncle George of Bohemia." Like his brother Isaac, well known in the newspaper world of New York, he is prodigal in humor, unpremeditated and genuine; much of it, however, so effervescent that its sparkle vanishes at the sight of pen and ink. He is a blend of New England Puritanism and of California freedom. Never unmindful of the lessons of his younger days, he has always been ready for adventure, good-fellowship, and fun. If he had devoted himself to the pen, he might have won a place with John Phœnix, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, and other humorists of California. He has their keen appreciation of droll situations, and their readiness for unexpected sallies, their love of local color, but he has not their command of written speech. At "high Jinks" and "low Jinks," at an after-dinner speech, at an unexpected call in any assembly, he was sure to bring down the house. His healthy frame, his pleasant manners, his overflowing good nature, his spontaneity, his unexpectedness, made him welcome in Tokio, Tientsin, and Pekin, as well as in San Francisco and New York, in the mining camps, on shipboard, or in the more restricted circles where propriety is installed. For example, he was called upon offhand to make a speech at an alumni meeting in Berkeley, where he recognized among the dignitaries on the dais a younger townsman of his, and forthwith volunteered a chapter of comparative biography, which aroused shouts of laughter from the assembled graduates:

"We have known each other long and well. The same lovely New England town that can boast of being his birthplace, I also honored by having been born there; we have flown our kites by the same east-nor'west wind, swam in the same river, skated on the same pond; and although he was a Congregationalist and I was a Baptist, it did not prevent us from attending the same circus—a yielding of doctrinal points exceedingly rare in those days. I remember well when he left the old roof-tree to plunge into the mysteries and miseries of a Yale college career, and I went whaling; he to consume the midnight oil, and I to furnish the supply. And now here, in this far-away land, we find our oc-

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cupations running parallel. He is here in Berkeley, teaching the young to go forth and fight the battle of life, while I am in San Francisco, caring for the understandings of the people by running a street-sweeping machine."

Any one who wishes for an inside view of the Bohemian Club has only to run his eye over these pages. One of the best chapters describes the reception of Henry Irving.

Mr. Bromley's life has not all been spent in Bohemia. In his youth he was a sailor, looking for seals on the coast of Africa; in later days he took an active part in local politics. In an impecunious stage of his experience, an unsolicited opportunity came to him. A Senator in Washington telegraphed: "Sir: You are appointed United States consul at Tientsin. Hope you will accept." This appointment took him to China and Japan, where he had many lively adventures. In later years Uncle George has been the pet of his Bohemian friends; and the verses which they have addressed to him, if not of the finest poetry, are full of the finest appreciation of a capital comrade, born to make life merrier and to relieve its burdens and anxieties by good spirits and good will.

Sydney Smith. By George W. E. Russell. (English Men of Letters Series.) Macmillan. 1905.

Sydney Smith was born in 1771, "of the most numerous and most respectable family in England," as he used to say of the whole tribe of Smiths. When some one asked him about his grandfather, he replied with becoming gravity: "He disappeared about the time of the assizes, and we asked no questions." He was forced into the Church, as so many Englishmen have been, because his father could not afford the Army or the Bar, and he always thought himself a great lawyer *manqué*. He was a born reformer. If he had been a lawyer he would have tried to reform the Bar, but there was plenty of room for his activity in the Church. He was the managing type of ecclesiastic, who, when he has given a genial and uncritical assent to the Church's doctrines, turns with zest to the business side. He could never forbear a joke at the expense of his profession; but, as he looked back on the social changes that he had lived through, he saw that there had been a real improvement in the morale of the clergy. "Whenever you meet a clergyman of my age," he said to Gladstone, in 1835, "you may be quite sure he is a bad clergyman."

In theology he took little interest, and there are anecdotes to prove that his acquaintance with the Bible was somewhat superficial, that he had to be reminded by a neighboring squire of the names of Job's daughters, and could not tell you offhand whether certain famous passages were in the New Testament or the Old. He was not the sort of parson who becomes a bishop, and he could not tolerate interference from one of these dignitaries. One of his most trenchant reforming articles is called "Persecuting Bishops," and it is no wonder that bishops themselves are apt to read the substantive in that title as an accusative.

A man with a taste for reform could not in the last half of George the Third's reign keep his hands off politics. The question of Catholic Emancipation was the theme of Sydney Smith's famous 'Letters' written under the pseudonym of "Peter Plymley." Canning and Perceval, who were opposed to Emancipation, he could not endure, and some of the bitterest personalities in the 'Letters' are directed against them. From Catholics it was a short step to Irish Catholics and their peculiar grievances:

"The moment the name of Ireland is mentioned, the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence, and common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots. Whatever your opinion may be of the follies of the Roman Catholic religion, remember they are the follies of four millions of human beings, increasing rapidly in numbers, wealth and intelligence, who, if once wrested from their alliance with England, would in three years render its existence as an independent nation impossible."

Conciliate Ireland and all will be well.

What one observes in all these vigorous and amusing 'Letters' is that Sydney Smith has little to say about abstract justice. He can make a better argument by appealing to expediency, and it is in the name of the expedient that he calls for the fair treatment of Irish Catholics. This leads him into reasoning that comes oddly from a clergyman:

"If a rich young Catholic were in Parliament he would belong to White's and to Brookes's; would keep race-horses; would walk up and down Pall Mall; be exonerated of his ready money and his constitution; become as totally devoid of morality, honesty, knowledge and civility, as Protestant loungers in Pall Mall, and return home with a supreme contempt for Father O'Leary and Father O'Callaghan. . . . The true receipt for preserving the Roman Catholic religion is Mr. Perceval's receipt for destroying it: it is to deprive every rich Catholic of all the objects of secular ambition, to separate him from the Protestants, and to shut him up in his castle with priests and relics."

These 'Letters' were often compared on their publication with the 'Provincial Letters' of Pascal, and Macaulay said of them that they proved Sydney Smith to be "a great reasoner, and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared amongst us since Swift."

Sydney Smith dearly loved London, and grasped at any preferment that would allow him to live there. He passed from an obscure curacy in a Wiltshire village to a private tutorship in Edinburgh, where with Jeffrey, Murray, and Brougham he founded the *Edinburgh Review*. He stayed only long enough to edit the first number, and then left it in the hands of Jeffrey. But the *Review* was always to him not only a useful source of income (he received forty-five guineas a sheet for his countless reviews), but, what he cared for even more, a good outlet for his vigorous opinions.

At the age of thirty-three we find him settled in London, gradually accumulating odd clerical jobs and giving crowded public lectures on Moral Philosophy. He soon became the fashion, and was presented to a living in Yorkshire. But, like all epicures, he cared nothing for the country and pined for society. The happiest period of his life was that spent in his house at Amen Corner as Canon of St. Paul's. By this time he was about sixty, and was content to leave reform to others. "I love liberty, but hope it can be so managed that I shall have soft beds, good dinners, fine linen, etc., for the rest of my life." In spite of his rural exile, he had never lost touch of London society and the Holland House circle, where he was the most brilliant of all the wits, and allowed unusual license by Lady Holland. If there is any fault to be found with Mr. Russell's book, it is that he does not dwell long enough on the purely social side of Sydney Smith. We have page after page of quotations from his militant writings, but few witticisms. The fact is, however, that his wit was of the kind that is hard to take out of the context. It was perfectly spontaneous and well in hand, so that he never found it in the least fatiguing that he was regularly expected to be witty. The bloom is off the fragments now, and the best way to enjoy its quality is to watch for the occasional flashes reported in the memoirs and correspondence of the famous men of his day. His prose style is simple and excellent, and we cannot do better than conclude with a specimen, the *locus classicus* for Mrs. Partington:

"The attempt of the Lords to stop the progress of reform reminds me very forcibly of the great storm at Sidmouth and of the conduct of the excellent Mrs. Partington on that occasion. In the winter of 1824 there set in a great flood upon that town—the tide rose to an incredible height—the waves rushed in upon the houses, and everything was threatened with destruction. In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington, who lived upon the beach, was seen at the door of her house with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused; Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest."

Mr. Russell's brief but interesting biography is well indexed, and provides such copious extracts from Sydney Smith's writings on all possible subjects that it is not a bad substitute for his 'Works,' which are not easily accessible to the general reader.

Babel und Bibel: Dritter (Schluss-) Vortrag von Friedrich Delitzsch. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 1905. Pp. 69.

The German Emperor is greatly interested in Oriental explorations. He is a patron of the Orient Gesellschaft. Recently he gave 23,000 marks towards the excavations now in progress at Megiddo, in Palestine. He has acquired some of the most valuable archæological remains in the Turkish empire, through his personal relations to the Sultan, notably the façade of the extraordinary building at Mesheytta, east of the Jordan, which was recently removed to Berlin. This interest in Oriental research induced him, in 1902, to accord to Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch the honor of delivering a lecture before the court, which, at the Emperor's wish, was later repeated in the palace at Berlin. Delitzsch chose for his topic "Babel und Bibel." His treatment of the subject raised a storm among the orthodox theologians of Germany; and, by way of answer, a second lecture on the same topic was delivered before the Orient Gesellschaft, in the presence of the Emperor, in January of the following year. These two lectures, translated, with notes answering the strictures called forth by their contents, were published in book form in this country and in England in 1903. Delitzsch has now completed the series by this third and last lecture.

The reader used to modern discussion of

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the relations of Assyrian, Egyptian, and other Oriental research to the Bible is somewhat perplexed by the excitement aroused by these lectures. They present no original discoveries. Indeed, it is not in popular books of this sort that the author would undertake to present new discoveries. It is to be presumed that the circumstances of the delivery of the first lectures, and the Emperor's connection with their delivery, seeming to give to their contents the approval of the head of the German State and the Prussian State and Church, had much to do with the sensation which they aroused.

The last lecture, now before us, may be described as a sort of *apologia* for the religion of the Babylonians. Delitzsch writes as an apologist, defending the Babylonian religion against the accusations of idolatry and immorality which have been made against it from the time of the Hebrew prophets onward. His defence against the charge of idolatry is that the images used in worship merely served to indicate the presence of the god represented by them. He maintains, in fact, that their use was the same as the use of images by the most highly cultivated Roman Catholics. This part of his volume is a rather amusing case of special pleading. The writer deals only with selected expressions of the highest thinkers, not with the actual practical religion of the people.

As formerly, he points out the close dependence of very much in Hebrew literature and religion upon the Babylonian; in this lecture especially in the matter of the Psalms. He is concerned, however, only with resemblances and dependences. His presentation gives one, on that account, an impression of undue dependence. There is no recognition of that which differentiates Hebrew religion and literature from the Babylonian; which is of vastly greater importance in the end than that which unites them with one another. The closing part of the lecture deals with the difference between the Sumerian religion and the Babylonian, which replaced it. In the latter, he finds a peculiarly Semitic tendency towards the development of human gods as over against the nature worship of the Sumerians. According to him, the Semitic idea was everywhere one god for one people—an idea developed to its highest degree in Judaism and Islam. Out of the relations to one another of various peoples and cities and their gods was developed, according to him, Semitic polytheism.

The book is written in an attractive style; in parts it is eloquent; it is always interesting, and it is spiritual in tone. It is illustrated by numerous cuts from Assyrian-Babylonian monuments. There are a few notes of a somewhat more technically scientific character than the text, and, as an appendix, a translation of the Psalm of Ishtar.

William Caxton. By E. Gordon Duff. Chicago: The Caxton Club. 1905.

The Caxton Club has celebrated its tenth anniversary by publishing a bibliographical monograph on William Caxton, written by the well-known English bibliographer, E. Gordon Duff. It is a handsome quarto volume of 118 pages, beautifully printed on American handmade paper, with 25 facsimile plates, chiefly of pages in books printed by Caxton, all reproduced in the exact size of the originals. The edition numbers only 250 copies, three of which are printed on Japanese vellum. Each of 148 copies, including those on vellum, is accompanied by "a leaf from an imperfect copy of the first edition of Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales,' printed by William Caxton, and formerly in Lord Ashburnham's library, having been purchased for this purpose by the Caxton Club." Lord Ashburnham possessed four copies, which were sold at the sale of his library in 1897 and 1898; one was very nearly perfect, the other three had from one-half to three-quarters of the 372 leaves which go to make up a complete copy. Only nine copies of this edition are known to exist, and Mr. Duff states that this first edition is "so rare that it is believed that no genuine perfect copy is in existence." Under the circumstances it is well-nigh incredible that a club of book-lovers could have deliberately destroyed one copy, even though very imperfect, of this first printed edition of one of the earliest classics of English literature.

The author lays much emphasis on Caxton's great interest in English literature; instead of printing Greek and Roman classics, or learned works on theology and law, as did most of the early printers of Italy, France, and Germany, Caxton "gave the people the classics of their own land, and, at a time when the character of our literary tongue was being settled, did more than any other man before or since has done to establish the English language." The scarcity of Caxton's books is a clear evidence that this was good business. Caxton was a successful business man before he became a printer, and presumably did not cease to be a business man when he altered his occupation, though Ten Brink and H. Morley may have insisted too much on this aspect of him. Mr. Duff has not much to say on this question, but stoutly contests Gibbon's and Isaac Disraeli's low opinion of Caxton as "a printer without erudition," who "was reduced to comply with the vicious taste of his readers"—a fight against windmills, it would seem. The earlier bibliographers, such as Ames and Dibdin, are occasionally quoted, and frequent references are, of course, made to Blades's standard 'Life and Typography,' but more recent writers are ignored; not even Dziatzko's important study, 'Warum Caxton Buchdrucker wurde,' is mentioned, though in all important particulars Mr. Duff has reached the same conclusion as that writer.

The complete absence of bibliographical references must be regretted; perhaps the club may supply that omission hereafter. Mr. Duff's book is evidently intended for the collector rather than for the critical student. He describes the several Caxton books with all reasonable fulness, in a pleasant, smoothly flowing style, void of technicalities. In most cases he tells of the whereabouts of the copies known to be in public collections, and gives the number of copies in private hands. It is always carefully stated how many leaves a complete copy should have, including blank leaves, and especial emphasis is laid on the fact that a copy made up of fragments of two or more copies is not genuinely "complete." An appendix gives an alphabetical list of the books printed by Caxton, and after his death with his types, with full collations; the list of plates states in each case with which type the book in question was printed, using Blades's numbering of Caxton's types. This information is supplied in a general way in the text, but the reader is in each case compelled to look either back in the text or at the list of plates, or even forward to the appendix, in order to get all his facts relating to a certain book; and even then he is not able to tell the exact size, either of letterpress or paper, unless the book is represented among the plates. It would seem that a catalogue, arranged chronologically, giving in one place, and in uniform, even if in more technical, terms, the description, collation, and history of each book, would have been more practically useful to both the collector and the student.

A little more care in proofreading would have removed such an inconsistency as the reference to the printer of Caxton's Sarum Missal as "Maynial" in the text, "Maynyal" in the appendix, and "Maynial, or Maynyal" in the index. Though the book bears the imprint 1905, the author's preface is dated May, 1902, which explains a curiously out-of-date reference to the invention of printing. The index is very full; as a curiosity it may be mentioned that the books printed by Caxton are entered under their titles, with references from the names of the authors.

Dante's Divina Commedia. Translated into English Prose by the Rev. H. F. Tozer, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde. 1904.

That any one under the spell of the Odyssey or the Æneid or the Divine Comedy should persist in the Sisyphean attempt to make an English metrical translation of it, is conceivable; but there seems to be no good reason for the multiplication of prose versions, for the qualities to be desired in a prose version are limited in number, and, if they have once been attained, why should the work be done over again? In the case of the Divine Comedy, we believe that Prof. C. E. Norton's translation is so generally excellent—in spirit, in phrase, in style—as to make almost superfluous the new version by the Rev. H. F. Tozer. We say this, although we fully recognize Mr. Tozer's merits. His work seems as satisfactory as that of Mr. Butler, unless it may be urged that Mr. Butler surpasses him in literalness. The most obvious quality of Mr. Tozer's translation is its readableness; its inferiority to Mr. Norton's lies in a less profound Dante scholarship, and in a certain looseness of style which springs now from a tendency to paraphrase, and now from the use of inappropriate words. A few examples will serve, better than much writing, to illustrate these points.

Take, first, the opening lines of the eleventh canto of "Hell":

> "In su l'estremità d'un' alta ripa
> Che facevan gran pietre rotte in cerchio,
> Venimmo sopra più crudele stipa"—

which Mr. Tozer renders thus: "On the edge of a lofty bank formed by huge rocks broken all around we reached a point overlooking a throng of more woful sufferers." Mr. Norton's version is: "Upon the edge of a high bank which great rocks broken in a circle made, we came above a more cruel pen." Evidently, Mr. Tozer's "throng of more woful sufferers" is a loose para-

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phrase for "più crudele stipa"; moreover, it is a paraphrase of a dangerous sort, for it represents neither the letter nor the spirit of the original.

As a second example, chosen likewise at random, turn to "Purgatory," vii., 85-89:

" 'Prima che il poco sole omai s'annidi,' "
Cominciò 'l mantovan che ci avea vôlti,
'Tra color non vogliate ch'io vi guidi.
Da questo balzo meglio gli atti e i volti
Conoscerete voi di tutti quanti,
Che nella lama giù tra essi accolti.' "

Mr. Tozer translates this: " 'Until the sun who is sinking attains his rest'—thus began the Mantuan who had directed us—'desire not that I should lead you among that company. From this ridge ye will better observe the mien and the countenances of them all, than if ye were received in their midst in the level below.' " Mr. Norton's version runs as follows: " 'Before the now diminished sun sink to his nest,' began the Mantuan who had turned us thither, 'do not desire that I guide you among these. From this bank ye will better discern the acts and countenances of each and all, than when received among them on the level below.' " Here Mr. Tozer has not only changed the figure of the sun sinking into its nest for a very commonplace substitute, but he has also added unnecessary words, besides the questionable phrase, of which he is fond, "in their midst."

A final specimen we quote from 'Paradise,' xvii., 118-120:

"E s' io al vero son timido amico,
Temo di perder viver tra coloro
Che questo tempo chiameranno antico."

Mr. Tozer: "Yet, if I am faint-hearted in advocating the truth, I fear lest I should cease to live in the memory of those who will call our time the days of old." Mr. Norton: "And if I am a timid friend to the truth, I fear to lose life among those who will call this time ancient." Mr. Tozer not merely paraphrases but dilutes Dante's monumental lines; it is as if he had substituted putty for granite.

The quality of readableness is not to be underrated, but to our ears Mr. Norton has it quite as abundantly as Mr. Tozer; and he has the compression, imagination, and severity of phrase which truly represent those characteristics in Dante's original, but which we too seldom find in Mr. Tozer. It would not be fair, of course, to pass judgment on Mr. Tozer's translation from a few citations, if these were exceptions; but the above are truly typical, and others like them could be taken from every page. A comparison canto by canto simply confirms this impression. By our method of parallel quotations, each reader can decide for himself which version reproduces more nearly Dante's texture of thought and diction, so far as these can be reproduced in the prose of a foreign tongue. As we do not find in Mr. Tozer any fine renderings of difficult passages, or illuminating suggestions, which might give special value to a work in other respects not entitled to great praise, we can say, at most, that his version is readable, but not the best.

Narragansett Bay: Its Historic and Romantic Associations and Picturesque Setting. By Edgar M. Bacon of Tarrytown. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This sumptuous volume of nearly 400 pages is printed in clear type, on good paper, and illustrated by the author's sketches and a few photographs, and is well indexed. As the title implies, it is a collection of superficial descriptions and colonial legends woven into readable form. The subject is not treated in any orderly way, either chronological, historical, or geographical, and the manner in which the reader is forced to skip from one place to another on the borders of the Bay precludes the possibility of his ever remembering his route. The author is at his best in the retelling of more or less trustworthy legends, and in the description of scenes where there is play for the imagination. Original documents are occasionally introduced, notably in the account of the *Gaspee* affair, to make the story more graphic. And yet there is very little sifting of evidence, traditions being apparently as much accredited as documentary facts.

The book is chiefly deficient in failing to show the powerful influence of the Bay on the social and economic development of the State. The existence of this broad sheet of water, dangerous and navigable with difficulty by the earliest colonists, as furnishing an explanation of the lack of unity between the settlers of Providence at its head and those of Newport at its mouth; the subsequent rise of boat-building and of commerce, which made of the Bay a servant instead of a master, conducing to unity rather than forming a barrier; the influence of the peculiar geographical environment upon Rhode Islanders of the eighteenth century which produced a race of sailors, seafarers, shipbuilders, traders and merchants, and nourished shrewdness, independence and individuality; the presence of so many river mouths on the border of this great expanse of water as contributory to the rise of manufacturing in which the State became preëminent—all these subjects are ignored except as some description or narrative dimly reveals their importance.

The volume contains many egregious lapses from fact that cannot possibly be blamed on the unresisting printer. That Brown University was incorporated in 1769, and had its origin in the town of Warwick, and that the Hon. Ray Greene, United States Senator in 1799, was lieutenant-governor during Gen. Burnside's administration, will be facts undoubtedly new to Rhode Islanders. Numerous other errors, to be sure, such as the misspelling of proper names, may be ascribed to the author's unfamiliarity with the subject, growing out of the fact of his residence in another State.

Type Studies from the Geography of the United States. First Series. By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D. Macmillan. 1904. Pp. 288.

This volume is in striking contrast to the old geographies, which usually give a series of figures and a few general facts of but little interest to the average child, who naturally dislikes hunting out places on the map for the sake of the practice, apparently, nothing having been given him to fix his interest and attention. This author's plan has been to choose in each locality the point of most general interest, remarking fully upon that, and incidentally to give all necessary information on minor points: a slight reference to the geology (as, for instance, that of the Hudson River valley), a good description of the natural scenery, and usually a sufficiently full account of the principal industries of the region. Places so treated cannot fail to be more real to children, whether it is a question of the brick industries of the Hudson valley, the quarries of stone so much used in New York city, or the tale of the building of the Hoosac Tunnel. Incidentally the author tells of the Mount Cenis and Saint Gothard as well as the tunnel which furnishes Chicago with water. The Gloucester fisheries receive more than a passing notice, and a remarkably clear idea is given of the hardships of the life of the fishermen. Niagara is very fully described—not only the natural beauties, but the powerful energy as well. Thence Dr. McMurry proceeds to the James River, and before a child shall have left his account he will have a fair working idea of the cities, the country, its products, and the rivers which drain into the James. His mind has certainly taken in very fully the value of the river systems of the country, as special attention is given in every instance to them and their effects on the climate, commerce, and health of the people.

Coal-mining next receives an exhaustive description. The output for Illinois alone in 1889 is given as 11,597,963 tons. This would suggest an arctic climate, a notion somewhat modified, however, by the detailed account of the various fruits produced in Florida and California. The logging camps are made very interesting, and stress is laid on differences in soil between the Northern and Middle States forests. The wheat fields of the Northwest in particular—with much mention of Minneapolis and St. Paul as milling and distributing centres for this wheat—the hardwood forests of Ohio and Indiana, the Tennessee mountains, the Mississippi delta with its cotton-growing, are well described. Later on we find a good account of the Far Western States in natural order, in contrast with what we must think to be the weakness of the earlier chapters, where the tale shifts from one section to another for no apparent reason. It would seem that a child would get and keep a better idea of each section should he study it in connection with its neighbors. Apart from this criticism of the order of arrangement, we feel the book to be most admirably compiled.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Amerika. Herausgegben von Dr. E. von Halle. Hamburger Börsenhalle.
Auction Price of Books. Edited by Luther S. Livingston. Vol. I. A to Dick. Dodd, Mead & Co.
Bain, R. Nisbet. Scandinavia. Macmillan Co. $2 net.
Bigg, Charles. The Church's Task under the Roman Empire. Henry Frowde. 5s. net.
Bradley, William Aspenwall. William Cullen Bryant. Macmillan Co. 75 cents net.
Buchanan, Thompson. Judith Triumphant. Harpers. $1.50.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.—Marcus Aurelius's Meditations.—Shakespeare's Works, Vol. I.—Jane Austen's Novels, Vol. I.—Bacon's English Works. Vol. I.—Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Standard Library. London: Methuen & Co.
Burton-Fanning, F. W. The Open-Air Treatment for Pulmonary Tuberculosis. Chicago: W. T. Keener & Co. $1.50 net.
Butler's Hudibras. (Cambridge English Classics.) Macmillan Co.
Calvert, Albert F. The Life of Cervantes. John Lane. $1.25 net.
Carlyle's Heroes and Hero Worship. Edited by Annie R. Marble. Macmillan Co.
Cather, Willa Sibert. The Troll Garden. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Chesterton, Gilbert K. The Club of Queer Trades. Harpers. $1.25.
Clark, Charles Heber. The Quakers. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.50 net.
Cox, Kenyon. Old Masters and New. Fox, Duffield & Co. $1.50 net.

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Cramp, Walter S. Psyche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50.
Cutting, Mary Stewart. Little Stories of Courtship. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Dickinson, G. Lowes. Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Dionne, N. E. Samuel de Champlain. Toronto: Morgan & Co., Ltd.
Eggleston, George Cary. A Rebel's Recollections. New ed. Putnams. $1.
Eliot, Sir Charles. The East Africa Protectorate. Longmans. $5.
Farmer, John S., and W. E. Henley. A Dictionary of Slang and Colloquial English. Dutton. $2.50 net.
Flint, George Elliot. Power and Health through Progressive Exercise. The Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50 net.
Flux, A. W. Economic Principles. Dutton. $2 net.
Grant, Robert. The Orchid. Scribners. $1.25.
Harper, Vincent. The Mortgage on the Brain. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Henry, Arthur. The Unwritten Law. A. S. Barnes & Co. $1.50.
Jefferson, Charles Edward. The Minister as Prophet. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 90 cents net.
Jones, Paul. The Commercial Power of Congress. Privately printed.
Josèphe, Flavius. Antiquités Judaïques. Livres XI.-XV. Traduction de Joseph Chamonard. Paris: E. Leroux.
Lamb, Osborn R. The Iberian: An Anglo-Greek Play. Ames & Rollinson. $1.50 net.
Lord, Eliot, and others. The Italian in America. B. F. Buck & Co.
Lucke, Charles Edward. Gas Engine Design. D. Van Nostrand & Co. $3 net.
Lützow, Count. Lectures on the Historians of Bohemia. Henry Frowde. 5s. net.
Mahaffy, John Pentland. The Progress of Hellenism in Alexander's Empire. University of Chicago Press. $1 net.
Mairet, Jeanne. La Clef d'Or. American Book Co.
Martin, Edward S. The Courtship of a Careful Man. Harpers. $1.25.
New English Dictionary. (Ree-Reign.) Henry Frowde.
Nursing, A Hand-Book of. New ed. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Orcutt, William Dana. The Flower of Destiny. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Overton, Frank. Nature Study. American Book Co.
Peckham, George W. and Elizabeth G. Wasps, Social and Solitary. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Peet, Louis Harman. Trees and Shrubs of Central Park. Manhattan Press.
Powell, E. P. The Orchard and the Fruit Garden. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50 net.
Rateau, A. The Flow of Steam through Nozzles and Orifices. D. Van Nostrand & Co. $1.50 net.
Roberts, Morley. Lady Penelope. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.
Rolfe, W. J. A Satchel Guide to Europe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50 net.
Rowland, Helen. The Digressions of Polly. Baker & Taylor Co. $1.50.
Sanborn, Alvan Francis. Paris and the Social Revolution. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.
Sand, George. La Mare au Diable. American Book Co.
Sargent, Charles Sprague. Manual of the Trees of North America. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $6 net.
Scobey, Kathrine Lois, and Olive B. Horne. Stories of Musicians. American Book Co.
Scott's Ivanhoe. Edited by Francis H. Stoddard. American Book Co.
Scott's Lady of the Lake. Edited by Raymond M. Alden. American Book Co.
Shakespeare's King Henry the Fourth, Parts I. and II.—Much Ado About Nothing.—King Henry the Eighth.—Comedy of Errors.—The Taming of the Shrew.—The Winter's Tale.—King Richard the Second.—Antony and Cleopatra.—King John. Edited by W. J. Rolfe. American Book Co.
Smith, Percy F., and Arthur Sullivan Gale. Introduction to Analytic Geometry. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Solberg, Thorvald. Copyright in Congress, 1789-1904. Washington.
Stephen, Leslie. Free Thinking and Plain Speaking. Putnams. $1.50.
Stuart, Ruth McEnery. The Second Wooing of Salina Sue. Harpers. $1.25.
Tales of France. With introduction and notes by A. G. Cameron. American Book Co.
Tennyson's The Princess. Edited by Katharine L. Bates. American Book Co.
Valera, Juan. El Comendador Mendoza. American Book Co.
Wells, Carolyn, and Harry Persons Taber. The Matrimonial Bureau. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.

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